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A

WINTER IN BATH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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VOL. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWO POPULAR NOVELS.

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WINTER IN BATH.

CHAP. I.

" Day after day I have watch'd the joyless hours,
" Night after night, when some fleet courier, sent
" Before, perchance, or letter fraught with sweet
" Assurance of his safety, might appear:
" Five tedious moons have past since first were told
" The dismal tidings." *Countess of Salisbury.*

It was owing to a good constitution, to regular hours, early meals, and exercise, that Adriana's health did not suffer from

the anxious state of her mind; but retirement had not blunted her benevolent propensities, or rendered her less mindful of the charities of life: she often walked to the dwellings of poor cottagers, who lived three or four miles from the manor, and whose simple clay-built huts, sheltered by frowning and embattled cliffs, or hid amidst thickets, were almost impervious to human ken. She had of late been much interested in the family of a poor peasant, whose residence was at the edge of the sea-beach, nearly four miles off, and whose habitation would still have been unknown to her, had not Martha been in the first instance her pioneer. Pioneer we say, because many a branch of furze, and many an interposing briar, were torn away to make good their pro-

gress. Honest and industrious, these poor creatures earned a subsistence, and with that subsistence cheerfully bred up four little ones; but poor dame Palmer had lain in of twins, and the addition of two children, and a long confinement to look forward to for the mother, was more than they were able to support without assistance; so the father had walked over to the manor in the morning and at noon, amidst the scorching heat of the sun, and over unsheltered cliffs, and thro' thorny brakes and close coppices. Martha had preceded her young mistress, a little boy following, carrying a pitcher of caudle, and a bottle of raisin wine, of Martha's own brewing; while Adriana supported a little basket on her arm, which contained a loaf of white bread, some tea and some sugar. The last articles had been pur-

chased at the village from her own purse. The sun and the heat were unheeded by Adriana and Martha, while engaged in this errand of charity; and when arrived at the cottage, our heroine was so pleased with the prepossessing countenance and thankful manners of the poor woman, with the affectionate looks which the bronzed peasant cast on his two new-born babes, as he held them in his arms, and with the air of contented industry that reigned throughout the little dwelling, that she frequently became their visitor. The twins improved daily both in size and beauty, and promised to vie with their father both in stature and hardihood. The four elder children were always delighted when they saw the "good lady" coming, as they called Adriana, while dame Palmer blessed the day when she

was brought to bed of twins, and when her husband thought of walking over to the manor; for every thing, she said, had prospered with them since that day.

The month of September had commenced, and the weather was uncommonly sultry; Adriana had been so affected by the oppressive heat, that she had remained at the manor several days, and taken no notice of the little twins; but rallying her feelings, she at length set off, early one afternoon, for the cottage of dame Palmer. She found the good mother and her babes in a thriving way; she accepted her offered civility, and rested herself on the low chair, at the side of the cradle, where the two infants, side by side, were fast asleep. The heat and the long walk had both contri-

buted to fatigue her, and untying her hat, she gently placed it at the foot of the cradle, and sat for some time contemplating the placid and tranquil countenances of the innocent babes. "Sleep on," thought she, "tender and unconscious infants; neither care nor thought disturbs your quiet, neither anticipation of the future, nor retrospection on the past—happy, enviable little beings! who will soon, in sportive childhood, realize all the happiness which is to be found in this nether world." By a natural transition, she reverted to her own gay hours of infantile pleasure, unclouded by sorrow or misfortune, and a feeling of regret was last mixing with her meditations, when she was roused from them by dame Palmer, who began to detail some of her housewife cares, and to let Adriana into

the history of her domestic occurrences; for the dame, with an intuitive discernment, which is frequently possessed by persons in her sphere of life, saw the heart of her to whom she was talking, and knew, that in her petty duties and household cares, Adriana felt a lively interest. She was right, for our heroine could enter with warmth into the schemes of economy, and management, and good nursing, practised by the poor object of her benevolence, and listen with pleasure to her artless story, and uncouth manner of relating it, while she would have turned with disgust from a low tale of gossip, or from a history of cunning or artifice. At length, one of the infants opened his little eyes, and the mother having given him the nourishment which instinctive nature had bade him wake to receive,

Adriana took him on her lap; while the elder girl, a child of six years old, was standing before her, repeating the catechism, and Adriana was giving an explanation in plain and familiar language, suited to her willing scholar, who was mighty proud of the praises bestowed on her improvement since she had last repeated it: dame Palmer was sitting at her knitting, softly moving her lips as her daughter spoke, reverently getting up and courtesying when she heard her repeat the name of the Supreme Being, and looking with respectful attention in the countenance of Adriana as she gave the explanation; when a report of a gun from without was instantly succeeded by the opening of the cottage door. A brace of fine pointers rushed in before gaffer Palmer, who had only time to say, "Squire Falkland is

coming to call upon you, dame, and to look at the boys."

When that gentleman entered, overwhelmed with confusion, Adriana lifted up her eyes as she rose from the chair, and they met those of Mr. Falkland. He started:—she was going to replace the child which she held, in the cradle, when he advanced towards her, saying, "If I am not mistaken, I have again the pleasure of seeing Miss ——." He hesitated. "I ax your pardon," interrupted gaffer Palmer, "indeed, Madam Hartley, I ax pardon; you will be so well pleased as to *excoose* my not speaking to you alone, but I was so glad to see his honour here come into my poor habitation, that I didn't see you. Ah! dame, we *be* honoured

now with the company of quality like these!"

Falkland now turned again towards Adriana, and with much emotion of manner, yet in the most gentle tone of voice, he said, "Allow me to congratulate myself on this fortunate meeting—fortunate under whatever ——. He sighed.—Adriana construed the meaning of this sigh. Mr. Falkland thought of her mother! She stooped down, and putting her *protégé* nursling by the side of its brother, she took her hat in her hand, and appeared in the act of trying it on. "Do not let me hurry you away," said Falkland, "I shall blame myself for my intrusion, if I do. How can I answer it to myself for the instruction which that little good

girl will lose? Did I not hear you explaining her duty to her neighbour at my entrance? and how can I think I practise mine, if I thus prevent the exercise of your good offices?"—"Oh, another time will do for Catherine," said Adriana, giving a silencing nod to her scholar, not unaccompanied, however, by a smile, when she perceived the little girl still held the open prayer-book towards her, as if willing that the strange gentleman should hear her improvement, and ignorant that of this he could not be a judge, as he had never heard her before. "You find," said Falkland, "that your instructions are not so easily relinquished. You love your mistress, Catherine—you love this lady, do you not?" said he.—"Oh yes, Sir, dearly, *dearly!*" said the child.—"That's well said, my

girl," said the gaffer, "for we should all join in that speech; even them two sleeping youngsters in the cradle, if so be as they could speak."—"Ah, that they should," said dame Palmer, "for without Madam Hartley's care, they had not been here now, I believe. Under a good God Almighty, she has been all to us, Sir," courtesying with respect to Mr. Falkland. Falkland leaned on the cradle, and praised the beauty of the infants, perceiving the conversation had distressed Adriana; he then congratulated the dame on her healthful appearance, and praised the cleanliness of the cottage. The dame smiled and courtesied, and courtesied and smiled again, while Adriana gently glided towards the door. Her eyes, as she turned round again, met those of Falkland; she wished him a good

evening, and nodding to the dame, had stepped over the threshold, when Falkland overtook her. "Will you suffer me to be your escort over these cliffs?" said he. "Had I been a *younger* man, I should not have taken the liberty of intruding myself; but as there are younger and more heedless men abroad, I cannot suffer you to go through the coppice unprotected. You need not be afraid of my gun," said he, throwing it over his shoulder; "for, with the precaution natural to my time of life, I discharged it ere I entered the gaffer's cottage."

A smile from Adriana showed her acceptance of his offer, but she could not instantly get rid of her embarrassment, for she felt herself in an aukward situation:—Mr. Falkland must now know her

for the daughter of Mr. Hartley. That he did so, indeed, his mention of the coppice informed her, as that led by a private path to the manor. She longed to explain her apparently unfeeling conduct to Falkland—to Falkland, the worthy and ill-requited lover of her unfortunate mother! but how could she do this?—how could she summon up resolution to be the reciter of such a story? At length, fearing that he would wonder at her silence, she asked him if he had been lately at the rectory. "Not very lately," said he: "have you seen Miss Oakley within these few days?"—"No," said Adriana, "I have not left the manor——that is——I have only gone to the rectory since the Oakley fête."—"And do you consider that night's dissipation as so very heinous, that it must be fol-

lowed by such lasting and solitary repentance?" asked Falkland, gaily.—"It has been followed by lasting repentance, undoubtedly," said Adriana, gravely, and her voice faltering as she spoke.—"I can scarcely imagine that a young lady, employed as I have recently witnessed you—I say, I can scarcely imagine, that any action of *such* a life can call for lasting repentance."—"Alas!" said Adriana, "every human creature has occasion for repentance, and youth is more especially the season of error: but I feel, Mr. Falkland, that I cannot talk to you on this subject; that is, that I am not capable of giving you the explanation which I still wish that you should have made to you. Will you think it *too* frivolous, at your *next* visit to the rectory, to ask Mrs. Selwyn a few questions concerning my

appearance at Miss Oakley's ball, and to tell her that I have requested you so to do?"—"I shall think nothing frivolous in which you are concerned; every request of your's must be attended to; but believe me, while I assure you," said he, with warmth, "that after the impression which your conduct (when unobserved, and, as you thought, unheard), after the impression—the highly favourable impression which that scene has put upon my mind, I can already imagine every thing explained in the way you would have it!"—"your imagination must be very vivid," said Adriana, smiling.—"Why, no," said Falkland, with a half sigh, "much of its high colouring is faded away with fleeting years, though it must retain a few of its sanguine tints, when I have the high gratification of perceiving

that—that——I believe I do not know what I was going to say."—"Then let me finish the sentence for you," said Adriana. "You perceive that your good opinion is necessary to me. You are right, for I must always covet the esteem of every friend of Mr. Selwyn's."—Falkland bowed.—"And *you* have not seen the fair Cecilia? *I* have," said he, "but quite accidentally, for she is pretty much engaged by Lord Maybury, and I guess a short time only will elapse before she bestows on him her fair hand"—"Does Mr. Selwyn think so?" asked Adriana.—"I don't know what Mr. Selwyn *thinks*," said Falkland; "thinking is all that is in his power, for his advice, I fear, will not be taken. No one has any authority over this young creature; her aunt is too much taken up in saving

farthings to look into her niece's conduct, and Mrs. Pemberton acts as my lord's chief minister, and contrives to engross her ear.—I pity her—from my soul I pity her!" said he with energy; "with a good opinion of herself, unused to the world, a stranger to contradiction, her fate may be wretched!"

His eyes were cast to the ground as he said these words. Adriana fancied that at that moment her mother might bear a part in his meditations, that her conduct might even then be calling forth his poignant regret, and she looked at him with almost filial reverence. "Would that he were indeed my father!" was the wish that almost escaped her bosom.—"How beautiful is the view of the ocean from this cliff!" said Adriana, turning

round, and first breaking the silence: "I often stop here, to contemplate, as I do now, the setting sun: look down the vale, how its rays tint with golden hue the turrets of the manor!"—"How often have *I*, too, fixed my eyes on those turrets, and at this sweet hour of eve! Even before *you* were born, sweet maid, I have mounted that cliff's summit to look down from its heights, as if purposely to behold the very spot."—He stopped.—"The rectory, how tranquil does it look!" said Adriana, turning to the right; "it seems as if its inhabitants were free from the bustle and turmoil of a busy world."—"And as far as is compatible with a life of active humanity, I believe this is the lot of our good friends."—"Happy lot!" said Adriana, with enthusiasm.—"You are fond of retire-

ment?" said Falkland, in a tone of enquiry.—"I think I am, and I may say this, as I must be allowed to have tried it under all its disadvantages."—"I am a perfect recluse," said Falkland; "but to very few should I recommend the adoption of such a plan of life. The solitary steals forth from his recess; he views mankind with a jaundiced and suspicious eye; he believes the world to consist of a mass of corrupted beings, and that virtue and purity are only to be met with in his own nook; he gets fastidious—no society, no conversation, are refined or disinterested enough for his high-raised sentiments, and he returns to his sequestration: all his sanguine and enthusiastic ideas are thrown back upon himself, his mind becomes enervated and unfit for exertion, he gets selfish and fero-

cious, in fact, becomes a gloomy misanthrope!"—"You draw a frightful picture of a recluse," said Adriana. "I draw it, lady, such as it is, where disappointment or misfortune has given the bent: but where the generous and social feelings of the heart are still in their bud, where contentment exists, and where benevolence can give a charm to life, then is it, indeed, an enviable state; because, in this case, the mind will find employment for itself, of an interesting and beneficial kind: hence, reflection will be pleasing, and conscious rectitude a still further stimulus for praise-worthy exertion."

As Falkland finished this sentence, he looked at Adriana with a speaking meaning, as if in her he saw the application of his words.

"Yet, even in this case," said he, after a pause, "the mind must beware of disappointment: it must remember that ingratitude is the lot of man—that benevolence is frequently extorted for the unworthy, and that the tenderest charity is often exercised towards the undeserving. In one word, that Arcadian innocence is not to be met with even amidst Arcadian scenes!"—"On a well-regulated mind this knowledge could have no influence," said Adriana. "Its benevolence, and its charity, must spring from the benign source of 'every good and every perfect gift;' and, however it might lament the frailty or the error of the object of its compassion, it would not fail to remember, that it was still the duty of a christian to relieve and to succour, in compliance with *him*, whose mercy is ex-

tended to *all*."—"Are these the sentiments of a girl of seventeen?" asked Falkland, speaking as from a reverie.—"You seem to be well acquainted with my age," said Adriana, laughingly, "*almost* as good a chronologist as old Martha!"—"Martha Brown—what, honest Martha!—ah, *she* still lives at the manor—do pray remember me to her. She was once a good friend of mine, but I have not seen Martha for many years."—"She would be happy to meet you again," said Adriana, "I dare say. She is my counsellor and friend, my nurse and my abigail; while Ezekiel Drew is my footman, my butler, and my chaplain and *confessor*, if I so please."—"Ezekiel Drew, with lank hair, and *up-lift* eye," said Falkland, "groaning out his texts and quotations, and using the language of holy writ for the

common occurrences of life—does he fatigue or entertain you, Miss Hartley?"

This was the first time that Falkland had addressed her by her name; she felt the colour mount to her cheeks.

"Both, according to my humour, I believe," said she. "It is wholly impossible, sometimes, to refrain a smile at his strange gestures of body and contortions of countenance; but I shudder when I hear the forced meaning which he frequently gives to the most sacred words of scripture, and how he cuts and contrives the text to suit his purpose. He is well-meaning, but with a little more of the spirit of religion, and less of the letter, I believe he might be a better

christian."—"And yet he would tell you that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," said Falkland.—"And it was a wise man who said this," answered Adriana; "but the full heart is, I think, sometimes at a loss for expressions."—"I feel the justice of that remark at this moment," said Falkland, "for I should vainly try to express the pleasure which I have enjoyed in this walk; but give me leave, ere I part from you, to say, that my warmest wishes shall be offered up for your happiness, and that I will ardently pray for the speedy and happy termination (*if* it be possible)—[these four last words were spoken within a parenthesis, and in an under and rapid tone]—of your present anxieties."

As he said this his hand rested on the latch of the gate, which led through a meadow to the manor-house; he seemed to strain his eyes as if to take a nearer view of that mansion which he dared not approach.

Adriana felt a sincere regard for Mr. Falkland, although this was but their second meeting. She would have invited him to walk on, and to renew his acquaintance with Martha Brown, but she too well remembered Martha's story: she saw marks of uncontroulable emotion now apparent on his countenance, as his eyes were fixed on the manor. "God bless you, Sir!" said she, dropping him a timid and respectful courtesy; "accept my thanks for your friendly escort."—"May Heaven for ever bless *you!*" said Falk-

land, starting, and seizing her hands, which he pressed to his lips; then letting them go, he said, "Adieu! farewell, Miss Cosby!"—"*Child of Miss Cosby!*" Adriana thought she heard him whisper; but whistling for his pointers, he turned down the knoll, and was out of sight in a moment.

CHAP. II.

THAT meeting with Mr. Falkland, from which Adriana had shrunk, and the discovery of her situation, which she wished to have concealed, had now both accidentally taken place, and in such a manner that she could not be displeased at it, for she felt that it had been gratifying to her self-love; it had raised her in his opinion, and she was assured that

the succeeding explanation with Mrs. Selwyn would not do this away. The character of Falkland as spoken of by Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, and pourtrayed to her by the artless Martha, his strong attachment to her mother, and his subsequent sufferings on her account, seemed to give this gentleman an almost exclusive claim to the regard and esteem of our heroine: she lamented anew that inconstancy and vanity, which had prevented her mother forming a connection with a man so calculated for the enjoyment of domestic happiness. A feeling of conscious rectitude bade her rejoice at the knowledge which Mr. Falkland had recently gained of her character and sentiments; for, though far from entertaining any high notions of her own merit, and being sensible that

to education, and to her situation (early separated from her parents, and fortunately placed under the care of a sensible and worthy woman), she was indebted for all the notions of right, and all the good principles which had taken possession of her mind, it was still natural for her to wish that he should know (especially after the conversation she had overheard at Oakley), that her mother's failings had not operated to the ruin of her daughter's morals. The most unostentatious mind may safely feel a sentiment of satisfaction at the accidental developement of its good intentions to one whose esteem it covets; and a feeling of contentment and pleasure, to which she had long been a stranger, followed Adriana to the manor after this evening's walk. To Martha's enquiry respecting the

health of the twins, she answered in a cheerful tone, and ingenuously gave her the history of the ramble to the cliff, and of her encounter with Mr. Falkland. Martha clasped her hands and was delighted, when she heard the good squire had enquired after her. "Ah! Miss, he's the same man as ever I find!—I mean for goodness amongst the poor, and that—altered in person, but not in mind. Ah! he used to visit the poor all round the manor of Hartley; but that's *many* years ago, for he forsook us in the Vale, and kept on the Hill, when he met with his cross. No, I suppose he wouldn't come into the old house with *you* then, Miss Hartley?" "He left me at the entrance to the Valley," said Adriana: "I did not invite him indeed, though he might have known, that he had leave to proceed if

he chose it; and I think, Martha, I *did* half invite him too, for I said you would be glad to see him again." — "No, no, Miss Hartley,—no, no, Miss, he couldn't gain the heart to darken these doors again: he still remembers the time when he last passed through them; I remember it, as if it were but yesterday, for I mind the *original* things like, when I forget them that happens after.—'God bless your honour!' said I. 'Farewell, Martha!' said he; and that was eighteen long years ago, come the twelfth of next November!" This was the burthen of Martha's tale, and Adriana had become so well used to it, that she always expected, after hearing the name of Falkland repeated, to have the sentence closed with the "twelfth of next November!"

The sun had departed for some time, and

the family at the rectory had supped, when Mr. Falkland entered the apartment.—"Why, you most unmerciful of sportsmen," said Mrs. Selwyn, laughing, "you surely have not spared a poor bird throughout the country, if you have but now finished your day's pleasure!"—"I have not finished it yet," said Falkland, looking significantly, and drawing a chair close to her; "I am come to you, Mrs. Selwyn, for the sequel to this day's adventure."—"To me?" said Mrs. Selwyn: "trust me, you could not come to a person more barren of incident or adventure. Your adventurous spirit has led you abroad in quest of poor innocent birds; my domestic avocations have kept me close at the humble seamstress-like occupation of darning stockings for this good gentleman: *he* has

been making sermons in his study; and I have been left to my own reflections, and the prattle of my children, the whole of the day: so how *I* am to make out your day's amusement I am at a loss to determine."—"A lady's inventive faculty is never doubted, Eliza," said Mr. Selwyn: "perhaps Falkland wishes you to give him the history of all the air-built structures with which you have been amusing your mind during the drawing your needle to and fro the stocking."—"That he may demolish them at a breath!" said Mrs. Selwyn, laughing. "Not so," said Falkland, warmly: that he may encourage them, and if they are of the nature which I suspect, you cannot raise your expectations too high, for the worth of their object promises to be incalculable";

"You deal in enigmas," said Mrs. Selwyn "No, in plain matter of fact, I protest. I have just parted with Miss Hartley!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn started, and, "how? when? where?" escaped from them so anxiously, and with such quickness, that it was difficult to say which was the speaker of the different words. "I will give you my history in a very short time," said Falkland; "and for once I see, my friend," turning towards the rector and smiling, "that a gentleman's curiosity can keep pace with a lady's." "The cause is my excuse." "And such a cause is a sufficient excuse," said Falkland. Mrs. Selwyn looked delightedly in his face. He paused, and slightly passing his hand before his eyes, as if to escape from momentary confusion,

he said, "To you, my very dear friends, I will acknowledge that the impressions of nearly twenty years standing were not sufficiently worn out of my mind to render my meeting with Mr. Hartley's daughter a very desirable circumstance: the conduct of Mrs. Hartley had left an indelible sting in my breast. I confess it had soured my disposition, and had rendered me very unfit for forming a candid opinion of *any* female, more especially of one whose mother had so shamefully disgraced her sex and family. When at Oakley I danced with a friend of your's, Mrs. Selwyn, I at first stood up with her, as I should have done with any girl of her age, and I chatted and laughed accordingly; but the simplicity of Miss *Adrian's* manner, and the good sense evinced in her answers,

insensibly called my attention ; and on contemplating her countenance, my too faithful memory pointed out a likeness, which would not let me be at peace till I had made enquiries of you concerning my youthful partner. These you resisted, but my suspicion continued afloat, not unmixed with disapprobation, I confess, when combining circumstances together, I was forced to acknowledge to myself, that a daughter of Mrs. Hartley's appearing in a mixed party so recently after her mother's disgrace, and in the very circle where she had once moved, bore with it an air of unfeeling indelicacy, which was quite incongruous with my notions of female propriety of manners."—" O! I must take the blame on myself—indeed, Mr. Falkland, I must!" interrupted Mrs. Selwyn. " *Indeed,* Mrs.

Selwyn," said he, good humouredly, "you *must* hear *me*, before I will consent to hear *you:* I will not have you impute *that* to your explanation, which has been already brought about by other means. Well, I must have pity on your patience, and merely say that Miss Adrian and Miss Hartley were still associated in my idea, and that I had *determined* for the daughter's inheriting all the mother's baneful vanity, under a similar charming exterior, and covered by a yet deeper veil of art, under an appearance of the most touching simplicity.—I have been rambling 'over moorlands and mountains' to-day, in quest of my favourite sport (to which I am yet somewhat too much attached, notwithstanding your compassionate interference in behalf of the poor par-

tridges," looking at Mrs. Selwyn: "it was drawing towards the close of day, when finding myself several miles distant from the Hill, I ordered my servant to return home; and, with my favourite pointers, and my gun thrown over my shoulder, I crossed the cliffs towards Hartley, which overhang the sea, in order to get home by a nearer direction than the beaten road. Crossing a little furzy heath, I overtook a humble hedger, who, with his coat thrown on his arm, his hook, and leathern gloves, was plodding homewards after a day's hard labour; as he bowed his head, I looked in his countenance, and discovered him to be a poor man of the name of Palmer, whose honest industry was well known to me. I asked after

his wife and family; he answered me cheerfully, and pleased with my enquiries, informed me, that his dame had lately brought him twins, 'Two of the finest babes that eyes e'er saw. If your honour would be so well-pleased,' said he, 'just to take a peep at the boys, 'twould make dame so proud, and so pleased!' I consented: he leaped a narrow frith—I followed his example, and having discharged my piece, gaffer preceded me into the cottage, in order to apprize dame of my appearance.

"What an interesting scene did the opening of the door convey!—A young lady had a fine infant on her lap; one arm encircled its little head, while in

the other hand she held a book, from which she was putting the questions of the Church Catechism to a girl who stood before her. Instantaneously I saw again the bewitching countenance of my incognita partner—as instantaneously I heard her addressed by her *real* name: —all my doubts, all my suspicions, were *confirmed*, and *vanished* in the same moment. A young woman, who, in an isolated situation like Miss Hartley's, could thus seek out opportunities of doing good; who could thus practise the active duties of benevolence unseen by the world, mindful only of the applause of her own heart,—such a young woman *must* have a rightly turned mind.

"Miss Hartley suffered me to accom-

pany her towards home," continued Falkland, "she treated me with that ingenuous confidence and freedom, which could not fail of winning my heart. She told me she was anxious for my good opinion, and she bade me apply to you, Mrs. Selwyn, for the history of her appearance at the ball at Oakley."—"Which I will give you with all my heart," said the highly pleased Mrs. Selwyn: and in as concise a manner as she could, she related the reasons which had induced herself and Mr. Selwyn to wink at Adriana's assumption of her Christian name only for that night, and also of the conversation which being overheard by her, had caused her such distress, and themselves such severe self-accusation.

"I pity the situation of this young

lady, extremely," said Falkland, after a pause; "and yet strange and contradictory as it may seem, I cannot wish an alteration in it."—"Not for the *better!*" said Mrs. Selwyn; "this does seem contradictory, Mr. Falkland."—"Why the only *probable* alteration, and that which in the general acceptation would be allowed to be advantageous, *I* should dread for her: I mean the return of Mr. Hartley. He is a man whose mind has been entirely sophisticated by the maxims and the example of that world in which he has lived; the rectitude of sentiment and conduct which *we* admire in his daughter, he will either overlook, or laugh at if discovered. She will be taught to *disguise* her sentiments, to conceal her opinions, and to act in conformity with those whom he introduces her

to. The world is fascinating in its allurements—vanity has easy access—is probably *always* an inmate of the female——" "Stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Selwyn, "I defy all your predictions, all your forebodings—I defy all your sarcasms. I will take up the cause of my sex, and Adriana shall be a living instance, that *woman* may be proof against the attacks of vanity!"—"If any woman *can*, she ought," said Falkland, emphatically, "for she has witnessed the fatal effects of it!"—"And the effects are likely to shade her destiny through life," said Mr. Selwyn; "but next to *examples* of virtue, there are *awful warnings*, which cannot fail to impress a sensible and discriminating mind."

CHAP. III.

ADRIANA now ceased to absent herself from the rectory; Miss Oakley and Mr. Falkland were the only visitors, and she had no longer any reason for avoiding the latter: the former she had never avoided, though she did not go to her house; and the time of the heiress was so taken up with Lord Maybury, and the Pembertons, that her *ci-devant* guardian

had scarcely any chance of seeing her, and still less of conversing with her in that serious and friendly manner which he wished.

Maria Pemberton was domesticated at Oakley, and had superseded Adriana in the favour of Cecilia, who delighted in hearing my Lord Maybury's eulogy made by one who was well tutored in her part, and was never weary of the theme, or wished it changed, though it was often broken off, to be resumed again when the subject of it had disappeared.

Almost living with the Selwyns, the character of Falkland appeared every day in a more advantageous light to Adriana; the peculiarity of his manner wore off as he became used to see her, and he sel-

dom recurred to former scenes: his mind was cultivated and refined; his taste had been improved by reading the best authors, both ancient and modern; his manners were gentle, yet animated; and when interested in his subject, the strength of his expressions, and the fervour of his imagination, infused itself into his countenance, and lighted up his features, till they became brilliantly handsome. He often read to Mrs. Selwyn and Adriana, while the rector was engaged in his study, or visiting his sick parishioners; he overlooked Adriana as she touched up her sketches of the scenery which surrounded the manor; and in playing and amusing the little Selwyns, he almost excelled Adriana herself, so many methods could he devise for

promoting the entertainment of infantile innocence. He never went to the manor; Adriana had never invited him since the day that she hinted it, by saying Martha would be glad to see him; for she felt no impropriety in the idea of Mr. Falkland's visiting her, and Falkland invariably reverted to his age when he conversed, and frequently offered her the old bachelor's arm when he joined the evening walk with Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn.

Adriana felt for him the most perfect regard and esteem; she appealed to his judgment; she ingenuously delivered her opinions to him, and she seemed quite delighted when she found that they coalesced with his, while she received his reasons for dissent with the greatest

sweetness, and the most decided submission to his judgment. She gave him her hand at parting in rotation when she bade good night, with the same easy familiarity with which she presented it to Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, and at present she seemed to have no thought, no wish beyond the manor and the rectory.

Falkland, on his part, admired Adriana as the most ingenuous and interesting girl he had ever seen; he listened to her modest, yet discriminating remarks with the greatest satisfaction, and remembering the embarrassed and, most probably, ruinous state of her father's affairs, he secretly resolved, that if she continued to conduct herself in the manner she had

begun, having no near relative, he would, at his death, bestow the greatest part of his possessions on this child of his adoption, as he secretly called her; but not fond of professions, or eager to disclose intentions, which he felt to be more analogous to twenty than to forty years of age, he kept silence on this subject, even to Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn. "And, alas!" thought he sometimes, with a sigh, "how may I yet lament the demolition of this my fondly raised vision!"

Dame Palmer and her twins were not forgotten by Adriana; she delighted to go there, and it seemed as if the meeting with Mr. Falkland, and the self-confidence which that interview had infused into her mind, had heightened the pleasure which she before took in visiting this happy but humble family.

The instruction of Catherine went on very rapidly; she could already give a very clear explanation of the catechism to the end of the Lord's prayer. A great improvement in the wardrobe of the Palmers and their little ones, was apparent, and they were delighted to acknowledge their obligations to the good squire Falkland; while the neat little Bible with which he had presented Catherine, nicely folded up in a chequered bag of her own making, and carefully kept on the highest shelf, which was even with the thatched roof, proved that Mr. Falkland did not, while cloathing their bodies, neglect improving the minds also, of these humble cottagers.

Adriana had staid beyond her time one evening, towards the latter end of

October, and had refused the gaffer's offered protection, (recollecting that he was but just returned from a hard days labour), entirely free from any apprehension of danger; yet she thought she might as well avoid the coppice, as it was growing dusk, and for this purpose she went by a circuitous way, and got into the road which led immediately from Arlingham to the next town.

She had not proceeded far, when the galloping of horses from behind, obliged her to keep as near the hedge as she possibly could; the light was sufficiently strong for her to discern every object.—Two gentlemen riding jehu-like, followed by two servants, approached; they drew in their reins, on perceiving our heroine. The

foremost stopped his horse and dismounted, in the same moment that he cried out, "By Jupiter, my incognita partner!" and Lord Maybury was at the side of Adriana.

To his vociferous expressions of delight, she scarcely answered, but making a slight courtesy, was proceeding on as fast as she could. "No, no, not thus shall you escape me now, by Heavens!" said his lordship,—"Watts," calling to his servant, "lead my horse to the gate of the Hartley grounds, and there wait for me."

He fixed his eyes on Adriana's face; she held down her head. "I have then guess'd right," said he; "I had before

suspected that a divinity presided at the manor, and that my cruel, cruel incognita partner was——"—"My lord, my lord," cried the other gentleman, "if you walk, I shan't ride—no, that's what I shan't; so here, James, take my horse, and lead it round to this self-same gate;" and Mr Dawson dismounted, with rather more caution than his lordship, being well aware, that the quantity of wine he had drank at ——, required it.

"You had better have rode, Dawson," said Lord Maybury, "the lady will be sufficiently safe under my protection."—"I am obliged to you both, gentlemen," said Adriana, "but must assure you, that there is not the least necessity for either of you to be detained a single moment on my account; I must beg that you will

suffer me to proceed alone, and that you will remount your horses."

"Hang me if I do!" said Lord Maybury.—"Drown me if I do!" said the reeling and very humble imitator of his lordship's manners. "How, have I longed, how have I panted for this happy, this propitious moment!" said his lordship, turning towards Adriana, and in an under voice; then raising his tone a little, he said, "do let me prevail on you to take my arm?"—"No, I thank you, Sir," said Adriana, with cold stiffness in her manner.

"And mine on the other side, Miss," said Dawson; "pray, now do—two strings to your bow is quite as it should be."—Again Adriana coldly answered "No!" "You must, by Jove!" said Lord May-

bury, seizing her hand.—' You must, by jingo!" said Dawson, roughly catching the other.

" Indeed this is very cruel," said Adriana ; " I could not have imagined or suspected Lord Maybury, that you would have been guilty of this rudeness."—" Rudeness !" repeated his Lordship, who though a little elevated by wine, was yet perfectly conscious of all he said and did, ' no, Heaven is my witness, I meant it not as rudeness; forgive me, forgive me, Miss Hartley, I meant not to offend you;" and he instantly let go her hand.

Dawson at the same moment relinquished his firm gripe of the other, saying, " Lord Maybury rude! that's a good joke, faith ; the first time in his life, that his lordship was accused of want of be-

haviour, I believe: why, Miss, why you are all in a mistake! Why now, father desires me to keep company, and that with his lordship here, to be told a little of politeness and gentility in behaving myself—and that——"—"Say you forgive me!" said lord Maybury.—"It is not worth mentioning," said Adriana, who now felt her courage returning, as she observed the respect which his lordship now demonstrated.—"Any thing, *every* thing is worth mentioning which could in any way have been disagreeble to you," said Lord Maybury. "Ah, Miss Hartley! could you see—could you discern—could you know the impression which that fatal ball at Oakley made on me!"—"And on *me*," interrupted Dawson—"Miss, do you mind me; I don't know where you was

standing, but I remember that I plumped down *head* foremost on the ground." —" The *weakest* goes to the wall, is one of your own sayings, I think, Dawson," said his lordship.—"And then," continued Dawson, "your cousin, my lord, Miss Maria, she was somehow vexed, because I did'nt dance all the figure; but I don't know how 'tis, but right and left always makes my head go roundy, roundy—it makes me quite giddy now only to think of it."—"What a strong imagination is your's, Dawson," said his lordship. "Have you seen Miss Oakley lately, Miss?" asked Dawson.—"No, Sir," replied Adriana. "This is the gate which leads to the manor; you must now allow me to wish you both a good night!"—"I will allow every good wish of your's, because

they must have the most benign influence," said Lord Maybury; "but surely you would not walk through these meadows alone?"—"No certainly, Miss, you can't think of going by yourself," said Dawson.—"I *do* think of it, and intend it," said Adriana firmly; "I have frequently done so at a later hour than this, and till now, I have never met with an interruption!"—"Nor shall you now," said Lord Maybury, gallantly resigning the hand which he had just taken. "I will obey your wishes, however inimical to my own—for a few moments felicity, I will not hazard your displeasure."—"I thank your lordship, and wish you a good evening," said Adriana, as she hastily passed through the gate; he bowed to her in silence, while Dawson halloed after her, "Good

night, Miss, good night!—I wish you well home!"

Heartily glad to get rid of her companions, Adriana made the best of her way, and though she would rather have been spared this encounter, yet she thought that she had reason to congratulate herself on her speedy release, as the inebriated state of Dawson was evident, and his lordship's spirits seemed to have risen above par.

The succeeding morning, while engaged in drawing a landscape, Ezekiel announced Lord Maybury, and before Adriana had time to speak, his lordship made his entrance.

"Pardon my intrusion," said Lord

Maybury, approaching her.—" It is wholly unexpected, Sir," said Adriana. " The idea of having incurred your displeasure last evening, when I confess I was not entirely conscious of what I said, any more than my companion, induced me to enter your presence in order to beseech your pardon."—" The incident would, perhaps, have escaped my memory, had not your lordship chose to revive it," said Adriana, still standing, as if she expected him to take his leave.

" Oh, Miss Hartley! and is it possible for you to misunderstand me?—See you not, that the very idea of giving you a moment's pain, would rend my heart almost to agony?"—" No, I cannot say that I see this," said Adriana,

"or that I can *imagine* it, even allow-lowing for exaggeration, when I now see your Lordship standing before me." —"And is my presence so utterly disagreeable to you, Madam, that you cannot suffer me for two minutes in your company? and when I am come merely to exculpate my last night's conduct, which I feared might have prejudiced you against me?"—"No exculpation was required, my Lord; and had that been the case, it is now made," said Adriana, continuing her stiff unbending manner.

"Did Adam quit Paradise, think you, without casting a longing lingering look behind?"—"I do not understand your allusion, my Lord."—"Say, you will not," said Lord Maybury. Adri-

ana was silent. "And can you thus drive from you presence the man who lives but in your sight?"—"This is too gross," said Adriana; "remember, my Lord, what you are saying, or I shall imagine, that the last night's disorder which you *account* for, has increased rather than diminished with the morning."—"It has," said Lord Maybury, "for I have been drinking draughts—rich draughts of love! and it is from those eyes, I——"—"I entreat you stop this bombastic nonsense," said Adriana; "I am sorry that the incident of last night should have been the cause of your Lordship's taking the trouble of coming to the manor to-day—I wish you a good morning!" and she was leaving the room.

"Miss Hartley, stay!" said Lord Maybury, springing forward, and pulling her by the robe. "If you wilfully mistake my meaning, or the drift of my visit, I must have recourse to explicit terms.—I live—I breathe only for you. —*You* of all women I ever saw, are the only one for whom I would resign my liberty!"—"Has your Lordship forgotten Miss Oakley?" asked Adriana, with an arch expression in her countenance, which for a moment daunted even Lord Maybury. "Miss Oakley!—name her not," said he. "I chat, I laugh with her, I like her vivacious conversation, she amuses me—but a serious thought of *her*—Oh, Miss Hartley! and is Cecilia then the obstacle you fear?"—"*Fear*, Sir!" said Adriana, proudly, "what means the word? I *may*, indeed,

fear for the unsuspecting Cecilia, who, generous and guileless herself, may too probably judge all who approach her by her own principles, and who may too probably fall a prey to those professions, which, breathing the *sentiments* of honour, she judges to come from a heart of integrity!"—"*She* judges! Miss Oakley judges only how she can dispose of her money to the *highest* bidder, I mean to the man of the highest rank. She wants consequence, she *has* money—if she chuses to barter the one for the other, and if she gets what she wants, can she desire more?"—"Will you give me leave, my Lord, to repeat your sentiments to Miss Oakley?" "Oh! certainly, if you will let me breathe my vows of constancy here, *here*, where neither wealth nor titles can add to the

charms of beauty—for what can augment perfection?—Oh, dearest, sweetest girl!" and he fell on his knees, "hear me, one minute, while I swear——"—"Not an instant, Sir," said Adriana; "I have heard you much too long. You have taken advantage of my peculiar and unprotected situation to insult me—I shall take care that it does not happen a third time!—Oh, my father! my father! why are you not here to protect your child?" And saying these words, she hastily rushed out of the room, leaving his discomfited lordship on his knees.

CHAP. IV.

WHEN Adriana was assured that Lord Maybury had quitted the house, she gave orders to Ezekiel never to admit him again, alledging the total impropriety of her receiving any visitors. Ezekiel waved his hand in token of assent, and Adriana then took a review of his lordship's behaviour. The manner in which he had mentioned Miss

Oakley, roused all her indignation; for herself, she had no idea that he meant any thing more by visiting the manor, than merely by way of passing the time; but she knew, that he was the declared and received admirer of Cecilia; she knew too, that he had gained her affections, and she longed, yet dreaded, to disclose to her, the unfeeling coldness and disrespect with which he had mentioned her name.

Adriana resolved to go to the rectory, and to communicate all that had passed with his lordship to her good friends there. A violent head-ache prevented her for that day, and she resolved to postpone it till the morning.

Towards night the sky began to lour,

the wind rose, and the chill blasts of autumn shook the trees which surrounded the manor. Ezekiel laid on some wood, and kindled a fire by Adriana's desire. The window-shutters were closed, and she was amusing herself with "Roger's Pleasures of Memory," which Mr. Falkland had lent her, when a quick step was heard in the hall. The door was opened—a tall figure of a man preceded Ezekiel into the room. He was wrapped in a great-coat, a hat flapped his face, he looked at Adriana, and "My father!"—"My dear girl!" escaped from their lips at the same moment—the succeeding one Adriana was held in the arms of her parent—her loud and convulsive sobs alarmed him.

"Adriana, my girl!" said he, "look

up!—why give way to this emotion? I am returned to you once more."—"Thank God! oh! blessed, blessed hearing!" said Adriana, sinking from his arms upon her knees. "Oh! I have waited for you, I have watched, I have listened for you, my dear, *dear* papa, till—*till* your poor Adriana—till your poor child believed she should never see you more;—and then I thought *all* had deserted me—and——" "But come, come, you find it is not so," said Mr. Hartley, placing her on a settee by the fire, and seating himself by her. "I have been imprisoned, Adriana, in a neighbouring country, and escaped at a great risk of being overtaken, and was obliged to purchase my freedom by bribes to an immense amount;—but here I am once more in my own country—I have

regained my liberty——"—"And your child!" said Adriana, fondly taking his hand. "And my *child*," said Hartley, laying a stress on the word, and throwing off his great-coat, as if to obtain a freer respiration.

Adriana looked in her father's face: the strong lines which marked it, she had never before distinguished so plainly. His fine features were sunk and haggard; his hair was unpowdered and dishevelled; she thought he appeared much fallen away since she had last seen him.

"You have been ill, my dear Sir?" "No, no, child; but a confinement of five or six months, and a rapid journey of as many successive days and nights,

do not improve the appearance.—But you look well, Adriana, neither seclusion or confinement have injured you, I perceive; and yet you experienced a great shock upon your arrival at this place—Johnson told me of this—he met me in London.— Reading, are you? What so studious, Adriana?—let me see—'The Pleasures of Memory.'—Who does this book belong to?" and he hastily reverted to the first page: "Falkland!—what Falkland is this?—Who lent you this book, child?"—"Mr. Falkland, Sir."—"What Mr. Falkland?" "Mr. Falkland of the Hill, Sir."—"What, is there a son old enough?"—"Mr. Falkland was never married, I believe, Sir—he has no son."—"Oh, what this is the self-same Falkland that——well, but where did you see him, child?—surely

he never visited you—and I should think you have not been much abroad?"

Adriana, with great ingenuousness, then related her acquaintance and intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, and with much honest warmth expressed her grateful sense of their kindness. She mentioned her visit to Oakley, on the evening of the heiress's ball, without entering into any detailed account of it.

When she had concluded, Mr. Hartley grasped her hand. "You appear to be above disguise, Adriana; tell me then at once, for on this subject I cannot bear needless discussion—know you the primary cause for which I quitted England?"—"I *do*, Sir!" said Adriana,

her eyes dropping towards the carpet. "Enough," said Hartley, "my pursuit of the villain who robbed me of my wife, of my *honour*, was vain: it was followed by my being suspected and imprisoned—and to *her* list of crimes she may add my long period of suffering;—*his*, he shall expiate with *his* life, or he must take mine, should we ever meet again. Adriana, you are my daughter—I tell you at once that on your obedience or disobedience will now depend my future peace! You seem well-disposed, you seem affectionate and tender—swear then—swear—now that we are on the subject, that you will in every thing conform to my wishes—I say, swear to me implicit obedience!" "Why swear, my father?" asked Adriana: "an extorted obedience proceeds not from

affection; the voluntary compliance of the heart is the grateful offering which a child owes its parent. My father can never ask me to do any thing which is wrong—I trust and hope that in all that you require, my wishes will meet your's!"—"*I* trust and hope they will; but I have trusted and been deceived—I have hoped and been disappointed.—But," looking round the room, "only two lights, and this black oak wainscot!—Pray, pray ring for more candles—it reminds me of a French prison!"

Ezekiel entered, and bowing low, begged to congratulate Mr. Hartley on his safe return from the land of "*infernal spirits.*" Hartley nodded his thanks, and on his quitting the room, laughed heartily both at his speech and figure.

When Mr. Hartley rose to bid Adriana good night, he said, "Hold yourself in readiness, my love, to quit this place; for my stay is very uncertain. Johnson and Mr. Sykes will be down to-morrow, and then we shall settle business as speedily as we can with the tenants, and lay the plan for disposing of the manor."—"Disposing of it, Sir? selling the manor?" said Adriana. "Selling it, and why not, child? if I could have done it, it would have been gone years before; but during Mrs. Cosby's life, she could not sell her interest in it. And so you seem to wonder at my selling the manor, Miss Hartley?—perhaps *you* would be loth to part with those two pieces of family antiquity, Ezekiel and Martha?" "They were good and faithful servants to my

grandmamma, I believe, Sir, and they have been very attentive to me, and kind to me during my residence here."—"And so they ought; I shall *pay* them for their services, never fear.—Good night, Adriana!—pleasant dreams attend you." Adriana bent her knee, and left the room—Martha attended her to her chamber. The honest countenance of this worthy domestic, as it brightened with joy at seeing her young lady, to congratulate her on the return of her father, smote Adriana's heart; but she strove not to let her discern that any thing but satisfaction had succeeded to her father's return.

Martha's joy was garrulous, and she did not leave our heroine till a late hour; but Adriana was not inclined to

sleep. The sudden appearance of Mr. Hartley had hurried her spirits, and several things had dropped from him in conversation, which had afforded matter for her cogitations. Her obedience had been peremptorily required—obedience in every instance; and though she had not taken the oath which he had urged, yet Adriana felt her word to be sacred. "But what," thought she, "can I fear?—a father can demand no unlawful sacrifice from his child—he can demand no undue submission, and in every thing where inclination only is concerned, where our tastes or our opinions may differ, his will shall be my law: though I can never sacrifice my principles even to parental authority; because I must remember, that there is one superior to all earthly ties, by

whom an invisible monitor is established in my breast."

Lord Maybury's recent intrusion as connected with Miss Oakley did not escape the recollection of Adriana, but she could not leave the manor *now* without her father's permission, and to go away immediately on his arrival would carry with it an appearance of indifference which she could not bear, being fully aware, that Mr. Hartley ought not to doubt the satisfaction which his return had afforded her, and that this was the critical period for improving and strengthening his affection for her.

To tell him the cause for which she wished so anxiously to see the Selwyns,

would be to disclose all that Lord Maybury had said; and she shuddered as the indignant look of her father glanced across her memory, when, on the preceding evening, he had declared the sanguinary intentions which he still cherished against Mr. Harcourt. Lord Maybury was a soldier, he appeared high-spirited and impetuous; to silence therefore on this subject, Adriana unwillingly condemned herself, till an opportunity should offer for confiding the whole affair to Mr. or Mrs. Selwyn.

CHAP. V.

MR. Hartley's return was proclaimed the next morning by the ringing of the village bells. The old tenants of the Hartleys and Cosbys came to congratulate him on his return to England; Mr. Selwyn also walked over to the manor to pay his compliments. Hartley received him with much politeness, and was profuse in his thanks for the attention paid

to his daughter, and charged him with many courtly compliments. Adriana was not in the room, and the rector having a kind message for her, accepted Mr. Hartley's invitation to dine the following day.

Mr. Hartley then rode out, accompanied by Johnson and Sykes, (who were both arrived) and at his return, informed Adriana that a party of gentlemen from the surrounding neighbourhood being engaged to dine with him on the succeeding day, her company could be dispensed with. Adriana was glad to be spared from the aukward and novel situation of doing the honours of the table to a party of men. Martha was straining every nerve to get an entertainment worthy of Hartley manor; and this day

Adriana sat down to table with her father and his agent, Mr. Sykes (the son of that Sykes who had been the chief promoter of Mr. Hartley's marriage with his cousin).

After dinner Mr. Hartley asked his daughter to sing, but on her going to the harpsichord, and touching a symphony, he said, "Oh! stop, stop, my dear girl! it really petrifies my nerves—it is an hundred years since I have heard that *outrée* obsolete instrument—that—really the noise of the keys is *unbearable—this* must be knocked down among the other pieces of family antiquity, too, Adriana. "Come, now your song, without the instrument; for that is discord to my ear."

Adriana sang the pretty simple Scotch ballad "Roys, wife of Aldevaloch."

"Not amiss, hey, Sykes? She must have a few lessons from a good master, to teach her how to manage her voice, and to *Italianize* it a little, and she will do." —"Indeed, Sir, I think Miss Hartley does now very well, indeed."

Hartley now proposed a walk. Adriana took her father's arm; they went to her favourite spot, the beautiful clump of oaks on the rise of a cliff to the right of the manor, which afforded a wide prospect of the sea. The sun had tranquilly set in the ocean; the mild refulgence of its parting rays yet tinged the waters—all was calm and tranquil, the waves were gently heard dashing on the pebbly

shore—the sheep bleated at intervals—the smoke from gaffer Palmer's cottage was seen ascending at a distance in a spiral column—the evening star shone brilliantly—the turrets of the manor, from the vale beneath, closed the view.

"These are pretty trees, Sir," said Sykes to Hartley. He answered in the affirmative.

"O, they are beautiful," said Adriana, "though now fast despoiling of their foliage; yet I have sat under them for hours this summer, watching the tide, and imagining each speck that I saw on the bosom of the ocean, into a ship that was traversing the watery world, and perhaps bearing my father towards me!"—"I shall certainly do as you advise, Sykes, and

have them felled, before I advertise the sale of the manor."—"You will be right so to do, Sir."—"Cut them down!" said Adriana, "not cut down those beautiful trees?—oh dear, papa, you do not, cannot mean it!"

This was the very spot which Falkland had paused at, and so enthusiastically admired. Immediately the contrast between him and her father occurred to Adriana, but she was not aware of the force with which she spoke.

"Indeed but I do mean it," said Hartley. "Why, my girl, do you know that they will produce a sum of money which will purchase a thousand gratifications infinitely superior to the view of the finest landscape in nature."—"And are

there any gratifications superior——" Adriana stopped; she recollected the multiform and various ways of benefitting mankind, and she allowed that each and all of these must be infinitely superior to any thing that could please the eye.—"You are an enthusiast, Adriana," said Mr. Hartley; "when you have been a little in the world, you will see things as they are."

> "For what's the worth of any thing
> "But as much money as 'twill bring."

said Sykes.—"True, Sykes," said Mr. Hartley, "spoken in the true spirit of your profession."

Adriana sighed; she saw how differently the same scenes were beheld by herself and her companions. While she was admiring the still calm of "sober evening,"

dwelling, with enchained eye, on the lovely scenes of nature, and looking

"Through Nature up to Nature's God,"

her father was examining his acres with the eye of an appraiser; looking at the quality of the land, instead of the verdure with which it was clothed; examining the girt of the tree, rather than admiring its stately elegance: and Sykes was, in imagination, already *conveying* away the *right* and title to the intended purchaser. Adriana was silent and pensive: she looked at her beloved trees with a sickly regret: it seemed as if she was taking her leave of friends, whom she was destined never more to behold. "Mr. Falkland will miss them—I am sure he will miss them," said she mentally; "I heard him say he could distinguish them from his house."

Adriana had never before spent any time in the society of her father; she saw that their tastes and their opinions were wholly different, and she saw it with a sorrowful heart. An early association with the world, and with what is called the best company, had polished the manners of Mr. Hartley, and rendered him a most agreeable and pleasant companion: but this was only in society; in retirement he was restless and dispirited, and the man whose wit and vivacity were wont to enliven all parties with whom he mixed, dwindled into a listless and stupid being, when he retired into scenes where the news of the day, fashionable follies, and fashionable amusements could no longer afford him a theme for descantation. His whole thoughts had been engrossed by the world, to be considered as

a man of honour and fashion; to have his equipages, his establishment, his *wife* admired in the circles where he moved. This had been his aim at first setting out into life—and this had been attained. The influence of example is universally acknowledged: Hartley associated with men who liked high play, till gambling became his habitual and ruling passion; and though his journey to France had obliged him to restrain this propensity for a time, yet he was now returned, the thirst for play still unsubdued, and vengeance yet burning in his breast towards Mr. Harcourt. The amiable manners of Adriana pleased him; he had been much taken with them when he saw her in London, and his pointed and open admiration of her growing beauty we have before remarked: but his pride had

recently suffered a severe stab in the conduct of his wife; he now saw every thing with a suspicious eye; he feared that even the artless *naïveté* of Adriana might cover a deceitful intention, and he had resolved on settling her in marriage as speedily as he could, that he might finally rid himself of a burthen, which might otherwise give him much uneasiness. Fortune he could not spare, but her unaffected deportment and simplicity, so *unique* in the circles of *ton*, added to her lovely person and extreme youth, would, he trusted, soon make captive some man to whom Plutus had been liberal of his bounty. He had been planning this scheme while he journied from London to the manor. The ingenuous detail which Adriana gave him of the disposition of her time, touched him at their

first interview, for he distinguished the stamp of truth in all she said: but even then, he recollected his wife's falsehood; even then, he recollected the possibility of her thwarting his wishes hereafter; and in that moment he tried to hamper her into an oath of obedience, while her persuasive and artless reasoning had insensibly diverted him from his purpose. He conversed little with Adriana, unless on general subjects; *things*, we should have said, for though, where he wished to entertain and to please, he could be the man of sentiment, of principle, of reading, and of reflection, yet the mask need not be put on to entertain his own daughter, who was entirely in his power. He continued to treat her with that easy politeness which was become more natural to him than any other mode of behaviour: Adri-

ana could have wished it exchanged for something nearer the heart, but for this she took herself to task, as fastidious and unreasonable:—"Why should I expect proofs of affection," said she, "which cannot rise spontaneously in the human breast, but which must be nurtured and cherished by a long course of pleasing conduct and good offices, ere they can arrive to any height?"

The following morning Mr. Hartley returned from a ride to Arlingham, and she waited upon him before the arrival of his visitors.—"I have heard some handsome things said of you this morning, Miss Hartley."—"Of *me*, Sir—I hope I deserve them!"—"I dare say you do, because they came from a man on

the eve of matrimony, and that is not the time when we usually flatter more than *one* woman. I met Maybury at Arlingham."—"Lord Maybury, Sir? Do you know him?" asked Adriana, starting. "Yes, I do, child!—Why you start, and change colour, as if—as if—he had been *your* lover instead of Miss Oakley's!"—"No, indeed, Sir,—but I did not know—I——you have heard of his courtship I perceive?"—"O yes, and from the *fountain-head*," said Hartley, smiling, "for his lordship told me of it himself."—"Astonishing!" said Adriana.—"Not at all, my dear, as you well know, when you have *emerged* a little.—I find the lady has got the cash, which is what Maybury wants:—faith, he has been a lucky dog, to come down here to a stupid, out-of-the-way

country town, and pick up such a prize! —Is she pretty?—*he* tells me she is above par."—"She is very handsome, in my opinion," said Adriana, warmly.—"She is full of spirits and good humour. I *hope* Lord Maybury will make her a good husband."—"O, I dare say, I dare say he will; Maybury has sown his wild oats, and as her fortune is an object to him, and he must expect her to have a good settlement made on herself, it will be his interest to behave well. Lord Maybury is a man of honour; I dare say he will make a decent husband.—Maybury said he had seen you, and praised your dancing. I have never seen you dance, Adriana, but you look as if you danced well —light—I am sure you must. Maybury is going to dine with me, and the rich

Dawson and his son—did you see young Dawson at Oakley, Adriana?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Well, and what do you think of him?" This was spoken anxiously.—"He appears the most aukward and uncouth of human beings."—"Oh! that will all come; he has not been long from school, and has seen nothing of company—all this will come: he is heir to five thousand a year, child—all the girls of fashion will be spreading their nets as soon as he appears."—"No, Sir, they will not—I am *sure* they will not—you do not know him—you cannot conceive any thing more unprepossessing."—"Do not I *know* that he is undoubted heir to a vast fortune? and cannot I *conceive* that any girl would be a *fool* to refuse him, up to the second daughter of a duke? Money is money

now, Adriana:—Dawson's passport will admit him into all companies."—"What pity, that gold should have such influence!" said Adriana, with a sigh.—"That is very well *here*," said Hartley, "but such a speech in Bath or London, would *do* you completely. You have lived at this forlorn old mansion, till you fancy it right to turn *hermitess*, and live on hips and haws, and water from the spring; but a very short time will change your notions, you will soon learn the value of money, and see the *necessity* of possessing it also; in your intercourse with the world, it is impossible to be respected without it."—"Dear, dear papa," said Adriana, "surely I could be *respectable* in poverty, and perhaps more so than if I were wallowing in riches!"—"From *my soul*, I wish you *were wallowing* in riches, as you

elegantly term it," said Hartley, laughing; "we would lay poverty by, till a *respectable* period arrived for presenting it to the public. There are a certain set, Adriana, with whom one is accustomed to mix, who have been used to fix the standard of taste and opinion; with these, money, appearance, and fashion, are indispensable requisites. You may be the most virtuous, and the best disposed girl alive, but what is that to them? Mr. Selwyn here, your rector-*parson* may believe it, but *his* suffrage would be of no avail *there*, because he is quite deficient in these as well as yourself."—"Why, in this case we must live for the world, and not for our own heart," said Adriana, "we must give up a little to society."—"Certainly," said her father, and of this you will be convinced in a very short time;

but I must go and prepare for my company. Mr. Selwyn is to make one of us to-day."

CHAP. VI.

ADRIANA thought this would be a good opportunity for visiting Mrs. Selwyn; and early in the afternoon, while the gentlemen were assembled round the dining table of the manor, she set out to walk to the rectory. She eagerly wished to disclose to Mrs. Selwyn all that had passed at her two interviews with Lord Maybury; though from what her father

had told her, she imagined the marriage of Cecilia was decided on. Adriana did not suspect Lord Maybury of the least partiality towards herself, but she feared that there was a great deficiency of affection towards Miss Oakley.

"It is now too late for Cecilia to retract," sighed she, "but surely, if Mrs. Selwyn was to tell her our suspicions, she might be induced to let his affection undergo the probation of a few months: and a few months now might save her from years of unhappiness hereafter!"

From Cecilia, Adriana reverted to her own situation. She had now become, as it were, familiarised to solitude, and she thought she could with satisfaction have heard her father say that she was to spend

the residue of her days at the manor, provided he did not exclude her from the society at the rectory; but ere a few days elapsed, she should, in all probability, be far removed. She might never more see those friends whose kindness had ameliorated, and finally dissipated all her anxieties and regrets; she should no more hear the benevolent and kind expressions of Mr. Selwyn; she should no more behold the good-humoured smiles of his wife, or be entertained by her cheerful converse; she should no more hear the artless prattle of their children; she should no longer be consulted in their little schemes of amusement; she should, perhaps, never more hear the mellow tones of Mr. Falkland's voice; she should never more appeal to his judgment; she should never more be grati-

fied by his approving look.—"Alas!" sighed Adriana, "dear and amiable friends, have I then known you, only to lament that knowledge in the sorrow of quitting you for ever!"

Tears had unconsciously filled her eyes as she made this mental apostrophe, and she rang at the gate, ere she had recovered her composure; to her inexpressible disappointment she was informed, that Mrs. Selwyn and the children were all gone to spend the day at Arlingham, and casting a look of regret round the garden of the rectory, Adriana began slowly to retrace her way. She had not proceeded far when she heard a quick step from behind, and Mr. Falkland overtook her. "I am delighted," cried he, with much emotion in his manner, "at this

accidental opportunity of congratulating you, my dear young friend, on the safe return of Mr. Hartley."—"Thank you," said Adriana, who could trust her voice no further, for her recent ruminations and disappointments added to this sudden meeting, deprived her of the power of articulating in her natural manner.—"You have been to the rectory," said Falkland, "as I have also, and its inhabitants are all fled."—"Mr. Selwyn dines with my papa," said Adriana, recovering her voice, "I was certain in my own mind of meeting Mrs. Selwyn at home, and had planned a long *téte-a-téte* with her."—"Which must now be deferred to another opportunity," said Falkland.—"Which may never arrive," said Adriana, pensively.—"How so?" asked Falkland —"Because," answered Adri-

ana, speaking rapidly, "I find my stay at the manor is extremely uncertain. My papa told me to hold myself in readiness, for that he meant to quit it within a few days."—"And to take you with him?" asked Falkland, earnestly, and catching her hand, as he asked the question.—"And take *me* with him," said Adriana.—Falkland still held her hand a minute in silence; he then relinquished it with a sigh. "Mr. Hartley is your natural protector, certainly," said he. "You will go to other scenes, Adriana, and you will soon lose in them the remembrance of the manor, of the rectory, and of all those connected with them; or if, perchance, they should steal athwart your recollection, you will wonder that you could ever have existed under such circumstances."

Falkland said this with some bitterness.

"How can you talk thus, Mr. Falkland?" said Adriana, tears filling her eyes; "you must have a very mean opinion of me, if you think I can forget the scenes where I have found content; the friends whose society has constituted my happiness!—I can taste the 'pleasures of memory' as well as your poet Rogers; and *wherever* I may go, while I *exist*," said she, warmly, "while I exist at a distance from these friends, my darling and solitary delight shall it be to review those days which I have spent in their society!" 'In Friendship's silent register ye live!'—"I would ask you to forgive me, but that I am enchanted with your warm vindication of a heart which

is an honour to human nature," said Falkland; "and now take my arm, and let me, in all the sincerity of friendship, assure you, my dear young lady, that I shall very much feel your loss; that I shall be extremely solicitous for your welfare and happiness, and that if any occasion should hereafter occur, where I can be useful to you, in the remotest way, you have only to command me—*my* offers of service might be accepted, while those of a younger man might be refused from a compliance with the customs of the world, and a fear lest they should not be disinterested—*if* I know my own heart—mine are so;—and though it may appear wholly needless to make these offers to you, who have a father competent to shield you from every danger and to avert every difficulty;

yet human life is so chequered, that to *know* a friend exists, who would strain every nerve in your service, might be some satisfaction to you, should you ever find that his aid might be necessary."—"Some satisfaction?" repeated Adriana, "the *greatest*: I am as grateful for your proffered kindness, Mr. Falkland, as if I had used it to the utmost extent—I will *never* forget it!"—"And do not forget that it does not evaporate in professions," said Falkland—"But where are you going?"—"I do not know, replied Adriana, "my papa does not like the country at all—and—and I believe," said she, colouring, and her voice lowering, as if ashamed to disclose Mr. Hartley's intentions, "I believe the manor is to be sold."—"I guessed as much," said Falk-

land, "indeed I have long heard that Mr. Hartley intended to dispose of it, on the death of Mrs. Cosby."—"I cannot help regretting that it should go out of the family after so many years possession!—but this is a foolish prejudice—don't you think it is, sir?"—"I *will* not decide on it, said Falkland, smiling, "because my own prejudices so exactly correspond with your's on this subject, that I cannot examine the matter dispassionately:—and poor old Martha Brown—what does she say to it?"—"O! I believe she has not a suspicion of it at present," said Adriana, "and I should wish that, if it were possible, she might *never* know it—for poor Martha is too much devoted to family annals to brook such an alteration."

Adriana was on the point of regretting Martha's proposed dismissal from her father's service; but she recollected that this would be obliquely accusing him of injustice, and she was silent."—"We shall lose both our belles," said Falkland, attempting a cheerful tone. "I hear the heiress is very soon to bestow her hand on Lord Maybury."—"His lordship dines at the manor to-day," said Adriana, "my papa is well-acquainted with him."—I wish Miss Oakley was, I was going to say," said Falkland, "but she is infatuated by his pleasing exterior, and has refused to hear Mr. Selwyn on the subject."

Adriana could not say what she thought without explaining her two interviews

with lord Maybury, and she felt great repugnance to do this to Falkland.

"Miss Oakley has formed high expectations of happiness; I wish she may find them realized," continued Falkland, "you will most probably meet her in the world, Miss Hartley, and you will be able to form your own estimate of her enjoyments."

They were now arrived at the gate of the lawn which led to the manor: Adriana turned towards Falkland—"If I do not see you again," said she—her voice faltered; "if I do not see you again," said Falkland, hastily, "may angels protect and bless you!" he pressed her hand fervently to his lips. Adriana held her handkerchief to her eyes, and hastily

crossed the lawn, and sought her own apartment, lest she should encounter any of her father's visitors.

CHAP. VII.

" The village church, among the trees
" Where first our marriage-vows were giv'n,
" With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
" And point with taper spire to Heav'n."

Rogers.

THE succeeding morning Adriana was awoke by the bells of the neighbouring church, borne on the breeze. Martha soon explained the reason of the merry peal; Miss Oakley had become Lady Maybury, and was gone off in a cha-

riot and four, the postilions decorated with white favours; Miss Pemberton accompanied the happy pair: a sigh issued from the bosom of Adriana, and incredible as it may appear to our *female* readers, this sigh was unmixed with *envy*.

Miss Oakley's liveliness and good humour had greatly interested Adriana, and she thought her worthy of a better fate, than that of being the wife of Lord Maybury. His dauntless assurance had disgusted our heroine, when she had seen him at Oakley; the two succeeding interviews had increased this disgust into something little short of aversion towards the man, who, on the point of becoming the husband of Cecilia, could converse with such bold effrontery,

and make professions of love and admiration to *her*, at the same time that he talked with such disrespect and indifference of his affianced wife.

Adriana lamented having been prevented by what almost appeared a fatality, from seeing Mrs. Selwyn for the last five days, and yet her having done so, could not have altered Miss Oakley's plans, which must have been finally determined on prior to that period.

At breakfast Mr. Hartley conversed on the subject of the nuptials; she understood that he had been let into the secret the preceding evening. "Maybury has taken his wife a short tour,' said he, "and then he comes down

with her to Bath for the winter, there we shall see them, for we will also winter in Bath, Adriana; and your previous acquaintance with Lady Maybury, I judge to be a fortunate circumstance, and I beg you will improve it."

Nothing worth relating occurred during the succeeding three weeks. Mr. Hartley was generally engaged with his agent, or riding over to Arlingham, and visiting at the surrounding gentlemen's seats. Adriana had heard nothing further respecting the sale of the manor; and Martha and Ezekiel still seemed to be stationary; not so herself—her father told her at the end of this period, to prepare for her journey.

Though Adriana had been in expectation of this order, yet it seemed to affix a pang to her heart, but she strove not to let Mr. Hartley discover her inward feelings ; she asked his leave to go to the rectory to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn: and this obtained, she almost ran till she reached that place, so greatly did her emotions increase her speed.

"I am come," cried she, flinging her arms round the neck of Mrs. Selwyn, and sobbing on her bosom. Mrs. Selwyn too well understood her, and this parting can better be imagined than described!

The good rector joined his tears to those of his wife, and of Adriana. Mr.

Falkland was at home;—and Adriana did not regret, that she was spared another interview with him. The children clung round her as she bade them adieu;—and many a *last look* did she turn towards them, as holding by Mr. Selwyn's arm, she walked again towards the manor.

Much good counsel, and much friendly advice did she receive from her companion. He recommended her to the protection of the Almighty, and bade her remember, that though *she* might be wandering from place to place, yet in all human probability, *his* destiny seemed fixed; and that she would know where to find two beings, who felt for her an affection almost parental; and who would with eagerness evince, that her happi-

ness was dear to them, if they should ever have an opportunity of promoting it.

"We do not ask you to break through Mr. Hartley's prohibition," said Mr. Selwyn, "he may have taken up some prejudices with regard to female correspondencies, which you must respect, however you might wish them set aside. You will believe that for Mrs Selwyn and myself, we would forego a great deal for the pleasure of hearing from you;—*any thing* short of persuading you to an act of disobedience."

Mr. Selwyn now cautioned her against the dangers and temptations of those fashionable circles into which she would be speedily introduced. He bade her

beware of the most fascinating appearances, for that they often concealed the most dangerous depravity of heart; and he charged her to remember, that *religion* is the test, by which all *human virtue* must *finally* be tried: and that unless it referred to this in all its motives and in all its actions, however specious, however attractive, it could not be of *sterling worth.*" He pressed her hand with fervor, as he charged her not to forsake her Heavenly Father, nor cease to put her trust in him! "You will find him, my child," said he, "a sure pillar of support, while the frowns of the world—while the disappointments of life—while sickness—while pain—while distress, appal and overwhelm the *unbeliever.*"

With the utmost delicacy, Mr. Selwyn forbore from giving his opinion of Mr. Hartley; yet Adriana's discernment enabled her to discover, that, from the principles and the example of her father, he was indirectly warning her, when he bade her not to suffer herself to be overcome, and to have her mind subdued and enervated by the giddy maze of folly by which she would be surrounded, when he bade her remember, that in all situations there were opportunities of doing good.

"I am not afraid of you, my dear girl," said he, "although I warn you; for I feel that you will stand the trial of a dissipated life, as you have borne the solitude of the manor."—"Ah!" said Adriana, "at the manor, I had you,

Sir—I had my dear Mrs. Selwyn, to counsel, to cheer me, to smile upon me: you reconciled me to my situation—I was happy!—and now—"—she stopped, half ashamed of her emotion,—" and now I must leave you," said she. Mr. Selwyn was silent in his turn, but his looks were understood by Adriana: their benevolent and feeling expression was before her eyes long after she had reached the manor.

Another task of parting had Adriana. Poor old Martha was almost broken hearted at the thoughts of losing her dear young lady; and Adriana, who knew that Martha would probably be dismissed from the manor, and from her father's service, ere a long period should elapse, shed tears on the hand

which she held in her's, as she assured the faithful domestic, that her kind attention to herself should never be forgotten, and that she hoped a day would arrive when she might evince it. She gave her some trifles for the Palmers, to whom she had not been able to go herself; and through Martha, she charged the youthful Catherine to remember to continue her instructions to her younger brothers and sisters, and to acquaint them with their duty to God and their parents, and to teach them to read their Bible.

"Oh dear, Miss!" said Martha, "'tis all as good as a *sarmon* like, to hear you talk so fine—dear me, dear me! that we should lose you again, after we have been so comfortable like.—Ah, Miss!

dear Miss Adriana! you are as good as an *angel* now; but you are going to sad bad places.—Oh, Miss Adriana!" looking round, and lowering her voice, "forgive your poor old Martha—I have never opened my lips to any human soul, except once to Ezekiel, since first I heard it: but, oh! Miss! pray forgive me, and take care of yourself; for my dear Miss Hartley, your mamma, was beautiful as an angel, like yourself, when she turned her back on the poor old manor of Hartley!"

Adriana sat down and covered her face with her handkerchief. Martha fell on her knees before her. "Don't be angry, Miss Cosby—Miss Hartley, I should say,—don't be angry, dear, *dear* young lady! but somehow I could'nt

help it, now I saw that you too was a going, and know'd the sad consequence of your dear mamma's leaving her own home, and the *ruination* that she came to; for I had it all, Miss, from Mr. Johnson, though I have never opened my lips to a single christian soul about it before, since first I heard it, except to Ezekiel; and *he* lifted up his hands and his eyes, and said, '*Who* can find a *vartuous* woman, for her price is above rubies?' for Ezekiel was as much frightened as myself.—Oh, Miss! forgive your poor old servant, but I couldn't just help saying so much as 'Take care like, for our's is a wicked world!"—"Angry! Oh Martha! is it possible to be angry with any one whose intentions are so good as your's?"—"And are you going to London directly, Miss?"—"To Bath,

I believe, Martha."—"Thank God! for I believe that London is a sad place for young ladies. I never heard so much of *The Bath*:—I am glad you *be* not going to London, Miss; for though the song says that the 'streets are pav'd with gold,' yet, as I heard a person say once, the *old gentleman* was the paver." Adriana could not forbear smiling through her tears at the simplicity of Martha, who could thus attach vice to a *place*, and who appeared so relieved when she heard, that she was not going to the metropolis. "*The Bath* is not so *very* far away," said Martha. "I remember Squire Falkland used to take in the Bath newspaper, and there I used to see about a power of quality that went there; but that was *ma-any* years ago, for he has'nt been within these doors since,—let me see—aye, 'tis the twenty-

fifth to-day; aye, very true—'tis *now* nineteen years ago come the twelfth of next November." Ezekiel handed Adriana into the chaise, and whispered in her ear, as Mr. Hartley was talking to his servant, "When the wicked enticeth, consent thou not.—I wish you your health, Miss Hartley." — "Surely," thought Adriana, as she bent her head and smiled to Ezekiel, "surely nobody has had more sincere and well-meant advice than myself: pray Heaven that I may profit by it!" Mr. Hartley was at the side of his daughter, and they speedily bowled along. They pursued their journey without interruption or incident, and arrived safely in Bath late in the evening of the twenty-seventh of November.

CHAP. VIII.

MR. HARTLEY appeared to be in high spirits, and heartily to rejoice at having turned his back on the old Devonshire manor; while Adriana was imaging Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn and Falkland round the parlour fire at the rectory; and, fancying that her departure and her journey were the theme of their discourse, she cast a longing, lingering

sigh of grateful recollection towards them, and again turned her attention to her father. "I did not tell you, Adriana, that old Dawson is going to send up young hopeful this winter for us to *season;* I dare say he will be quite a different thing when he shall have been here a month or two."—"There requires some alteration in him, certainly," said Adriana.—"You are too hard upon him, child," said Mr. Hartley, "looking ear nestly in her face "I suspect that Dawson would not require any alteration in *you.*" A stress was laid on the last word: Adriana coloured, and withdrew her eyes, not daring to interpret her father's meaning. Mr. Hartley gave Adriana a bank note for fifty pounds, and bade her remember that he should expect her to appear like his daughter, and that it was

high time to discard her *dismals* for her grandmother: he offered her an abigail, but this Adriana declined; she had always been accustomed to dress herself, and never had received any assistance, though old Martha had of late been the voluntary attendant of a toilette, whose duties had been speedily performed.

The first night was passed at the White Hart Inn, and the following morning they removed to a house, which had been previously engaged in Pulteney-street. The regularity of the buildings in Bath, the elegance and variety of the fancy shops, and the groupes of gay and fashionable people to be seen in every direction (for Bath was filling very fast, and it being a dry day, all the company, *water* drinkers as well as *wine*,

were abroad,) amused and entertained our heroine, to whom the scene was perfectly novel. She was much pleased with the elegance of the street in which her father had taken his house; and, while Mr. Hartley went out in the evening, she was waited upon, according to his orders, by mantua-makers, milliners, &c. Servants had been engaged prior to their arrival, and a footman was ordered to attend exclusively on Adriana, Mr. Hartley having brought with him only his confidential servant Johnson.

Lady Maybury's card was left for Adriana while she took a walk the following day; and, at her father's desire, she returned the compliment on the succeeding one, though not without some reluctance, when she recollected that

she was voluntarily (as it appeared) protruding herself into the presence of Lord Maybury. Luckily, as she thought (notwithstanding her wish of renewing her acquaintance with Cecilia,) both Lord and Lady Maybury were gone out. She returned home not a little annoyed from the Crescent to Pulteney-street, by the *Bath loungers*, who from three to six in a string, parade up and down the streets from twelve to four, most *heroically* resolving never to break their ranks, and who as *heroically* stare every modest woman out of countenance, while they consign her to the kennel, instead of making way for her. "You will go to the ball to-night, Adriana," said Mr. Hartley, when she sat down to dinner. "To-night, Sir? I did not know that you intended going there to-night."

"Nor shall *I*, for I have a previous engagement; but I met Maybury and his wife just now, and I was introduced to her ladyship, (by the bye, a *finish* woman) and I agreed that you should join their party, and meet them in the lobby at nine o'clock."—"I had much rather stay at home, if you will give me leave, Sir," said Adriana; "I should prefer going with you."—"*My* going is out of the question, child," said Hartley; "I consider Lady Maybury's being in Bath, as a most auspicious circumstance for your introduction: a *chaperon* is difficult to be procured, in *your* situation particularly so; the notice of a titled woman will give you an *éclat* at your first setting off, which will be very advantageous, especially in such a gossipping, staring place as this, where the fortune,

the recent marriage, and the attractive person of Lady Maybury, will draw a croud after her wherever she appears."—"Oh! Sir, and is it in such a conspicuous situation that you would place me?" said Adriana, "the more retired walk of life would suit better with my notions, than all the pleasures and dissipated scenes, in which you very kindly (I doubt not) wish me to participate."—"Pshaw! ridiculous!—the retired walk of life indeed, and *your* notions!—they are *odd* notions, child, and what you have contracted at that infernal manor. I knew that it was wrong to send you there, but at the time I did so, there was no alternative: however, we shall soon rub off your rust, and out of sight out of mind: you will forget all your

romantic visions, for something more substantial;—but, I now see the propriety of my prohibiting the correspondence with the parson's wife. Dress yourself, child, and put on your best looks, and call up all your spirits, for I expect to hear *my daughter* spoken of." —"I should be much better pleased if I went accompanied by you, Sir," said Adriana.—"Nobody will run away with you, child."—Adriana was silent, and retired, with a heavy heart, to array herself for the ball: she sighed as she recollected the last ball at which she had appeared, as she recollected the conversation which she had there overheard; the same animadversions would doubtless be made now, though it might not fall to her lot to overhear them,—*now*,

when she should appear as Mr. Hartley's daughter, and in the party of Lady Maybury. The idea of concealing her dislike of Lord Maybury under the mask of politeness, of being in the habit of associating with him on terms of intimate familiarity, (for it seemed to be the wish of her father, that she should improve her acquaintance into an intimacy with Lady Maybury,)—all these occupied the thoughts of our heroine, while her hands were employed in decorating that person, which, under the influence of all these feelings, yet had never appeared to greater advantage. Her dress was simple, for Adriana's taste was chastened by the hand of propriety; her hair was tied up, and ornamented with a wreath of modest jessamine; apt

image of her own pure mind!---Mr. Hartley looked at her with triumph depicted in his countenance, and he kissed her hand as he put her into her chair.

CHAP. IX.

ADRIANA was conducted to the lobby, where not seeing either Lord or Lady Maybury, she made her way towards one of the lines, too timid to encounter the hundreds of staring eyes, who, crammed into a narrow space, were waiting for their respective parties, and with noisy vociferation, all talking at the same time: incessantly she heard the same sen-

tences repeated from surrounding voices, "Where can they be!" "I'm sure my watch is right!" "They are never punctual!" "Were you walking this morning?" "I think this will be the fullest ball we have had this season!" "Bath begins to fill now!" "Here am I!" "I have been waiting for you this hour!" "Give me leave to introduce my friend!" "Who is she?" had more than once sounded in Adriana's ear, and the broad accompanying stare had convinced her that this was asked of herself. At length a diamond tiara sparkled above the groupe who entered. "'Tis Lady Maybury—'tis the bride," was whispered all around. Adriana modestly advanced; Cecilia took her hand, and declaring she was enchanted to see her, introduced her to her party, consisting of her Lord, of Mrs. and the two

Miss Pembertons,' Mrs. Hambleton, and Mr. Dawson. "My Lord recognises you, Adriana, though you are overlooking him; but he has told me the history of overtaking you near the manor with this gallant squire, one night when they were *both overtaken* with——" "Toasting your health," said his Lordship. "Yes, with toasting your Ladyship's health,—burn me if it was'nt," said Dawson. "Now, we will go into the room if you please; Miss Hartley, take my arm—or suppose, my Lord, you get between us." Adriana could not refuse, and accepted the arm of Lord Maybury, the polite respectfulness of whose manners made her hope that he had really resolved to become a regular character.

In all the pride of conscious happiness

Cecilia was the gayest of the gay; her lively rattle amused all the party, and through she could not help throwing a few oblique hints at Mrs. Hambleton's yellow damask, and asked her once or twice, if she saw any dress which resembled her own, in the room; yet she called her "aunt," and did not attempt to sink the relationship in her lately acquired rank. She *quizzed* Dawson most unmercifully; but of this he was so little aware, that even Adriana could not forbear joining in the laugh, when she saw that it hurt no one.

Mrs and the Miss Pembertons were the three satellites who constantly revolved round the superior planet; they *moved* by the *motion* of their presiding constellation, and the happy mother was

busily speculating on the ideal conquests of her daughters, while she was apparently engaged in attending to a long story from Mrs. Hambleton. "Cecilia, you have not apologised to Miss Hartley for making her wait," said Lord Maybury. "Here is my apology," said her ladyship, putting her white hand on the head of Dawson, which had been decorated with a *Brutus* wig of most horrific appearance: "we expected an *importation* of country commodities to-day," continued her ladyship, "but had not exactly calculated on the *time* of their appearance. Maria Pemberton has been with me from the time I left Oakley; her mother and sister were to come to Bath for the winter, where my Lord had previously procured them a house; so it was agreed, that they should take a coach, and all come together, bag and baggage;

when it entered my aunt Hambleton's economizing noddle, that there would be one *corner* of this said coach vacant, and that she could not have a cheaper or easier mode of conveying her antique person to pay a visit to *Cissey*: so papering, and pinning, and locking up all the furniture, and the finery, at Oakley,—lo, and behold! this happy groupe arrived at our house, just as we were sitting down to our dinner this day.

"My Lord resolved that Dawson should appear at this night's ball, and *my Lady* resolved, that the *yellow damask* should make its display; for to tell you the truth, Miss Hartley, the best of this place is, that *any oddity* may come into public, because here are *so many oddities*, that even aunt Hambleton will

scarcely fix the stare for more than one evening. But how do you like the metamorphosed Dawson?" pointing to his wig. "You remember what a lank head of hair he used to have, which always reminded me of a sheep just escaped from the hands of the shearer. My Lord took him to a *wigging*, and see how surprisingly well he has fitted him! quite a head *performed* now, is it not, Miss Hartley?"—"I dare say it is fashionable," said Adriana; "but I confess, I am so much a lover of nature, that a black wig to light eye-brows and grey eyes, appears to me quite inconsistent."—"Nothing is more inconsistent than fashion you know, which has nothing to do with nature."—"So I perceive," said Adriana, "archly glancing at a tall robust looking female, of

masculine features, and undaunted mien, whose darting black eyes were shaded by tresses of the lightest flaxen."—"You are inclined to be severe, Miss Hartley," said Lord Maybury, "who can stand your pointed looks?"—"Not I, so I'll sit," said Dawson, who thought this a witty speech, and laughed and grinned at the conceit, long after he had placed himself next Adriana. The music seemed to enliven his heels as well as his head, and he kept beating time by knocking them together, every minute jostling against Mrs. Hambleton's yellow damask, for she had wisely taken the precaution of turning her best sprigged muslin apron trimmed with point on one side. Lord Maybury asked Adriana to dance; she was going to decline, when Lady Maybury said, "Do now take com-

passion on him, Miss Hartley—for my sake do? I almost wish that I was not his wife, that I might dance with him myself; but it would be thought so *vulgar*, if I were to dance with my husband: and yet," said she with a half sigh, and a half beseeching look, cast at her hand, "why should not we set the fashion?"—"Why? a thousand whys against it, Cecilia"——"Heigho! well take your partner, Adriana. I promise you, that I envy you."—"Nonsense, nonsense," said Lord Maybury, "take Dawson, and join our set!"—"No, I'm very much obliged to your Lordship," said Dawson, "but I'd rather not, not but I'm very fond of dancing, as you, my Lady, may remember, at that there hop of your own at Oakley; but somehow I should feel quite *habbergasted*, as

my father, the *old* Squire, says, if I was to stand up for to dance in the midst of all these here fine Misses. No, no, I'll just come and see the way of it, at one or two of these here balls first, and then may be I may take a dance or two about once a week or so."—"What is your passion for dancing so methodical, as to be reined in to a weekly indulgence of it?" asked Lady Maybury, looking with a longing look towards Adriana, who had now begun the dance. "Don't you know, my Lady," said Dawson, (who had as many old proverbs as poor Richard) "that too much of a good thing, is good for nothing; for the matter of that, *I* could have asked Miss Hartley myself, before my Lord took her away; for my father, the *old* Squire, told me to behave civil and genteel to her before

I came away, being that she came from our own neighbourhood. And here were the Miss Pembertons---you know I might have asked either of 'em, and you can tell, Miss Henny, 'tisn't the first time that *we* have footed it together; but, mum for that, for thereby hangs a tale: but I see now that one is known go where one will, and all of 'em would be looking upon me, for 'twas but just now I heard somebody say, 'that's he, that's he,' and I'm sure he pointed towards me, but I looked in his face, a fine flashy dress'd man as ever I saw; and I said, 'Sir, you are mistaken, you never set eyes on *me* before in your life to my certain knowledge.' "That may be, Sir," said he, as queerly as I ever heard any thing said, and looking to his friend—but I'm sure I'm

not mistaken: what he meant I know not, but that very minute a mighty civil gentleman came and asked me if I wished to dance, as he would be happy to introduce me to a partner, (one of his own daughters no doubt) though, for that matter, he seems to have mighty great acquaintance all round the room, and I've seen him bowing, and smiling, and talking, then to one, and then to the other, ever since I've been here.—May be you may know the one I mean, Lady Maybury,—that gentleman over there, with that thing hanging round his neck: is that what they call the star and garter?" As this enquiry was made rather loudly, Lady Maybury felt for her companion, as many eyes were drawn towards him; and, as soon as she could check her risibility, she informed him

who the gentleman was; and Dawson was delighted to find, that this *civil behaved gentleman* would procure him a partner any night that he chose.—Meanwhile, Adriana had gone down the dance with Lord Maybury; his lordship, by the most well-bred and refined politeness of manner, tried to reinstate himself in her good opinion; and though Adriana was too wary to depart from that reserved civility, which she had pre-determined to adopt in her deportment towards him, yet she flattered herself that he was really become an altered character; he amused her with his remarks on the company, and his residence in the world having afforded him an opportunity of seeing every character of notoriety, it was gratifying to our heroine, to have them pointed out to her notice, and

divested of those coxcomical airs, which had disgusted her at Oakley, and of that highly questionable style of flattery, with which he had thought fit to entertain her at the two succeeding interviews, she had had with him; she was much pleased to find, that it was in his power to converse like a rational being.

Adriana was setting to a young lady in the dance, when looking in her face, their eyes met with a reciprocal glance of recognition. "Adriana Hartley!"—"Louisa Herbert!" issued from the lips of each, and the next minute the two school-fellows were asking a thousand questions, and warmly congratulating themselves on this unexpected meeting. Miss Herbert had been the favorite companion of Adriana at Mrs. Villers's, and

she with pleasure observed the improvement of a person which always promised to ripen into beauty, and the same artless freedom of manners, which had in childhood constituted her chief attraction. Miss Herbert enquired where Adriana was to be found in Bath, and who she was with; the colour faded in the cheeks of our conscious heroine as she gave her address, and said, she was with her father. Louisa saw the alteration in her countenance, and eagerly said, "Mr. Hartley is not come for his health I hope?" Adriana answered in the negative. Miss Herbert was called by her *chaperon* to go into the tea-room, and telling Adriana she would call on her in the morning and have a long chat, she took her by the hand and left her. "How did you like your dance,

Adriana?" asked Lady Maybury, as she joined her to go to the tea-room. "Very well," answered she, "but I have been *delighted* at meeting again with an old school companion; scarcely any thing could have given me more pleasure!" Lord Maybury bit his lip, but Adriana did not perceive it, yet it seemed as if Lord Maybury would have had some of this enthusiastic pleasure expressed of the dance. "Her name?" said Lady Maybury. "Herbert." "Who is she, my Lord?" "She is the sister of Sir Lionel Herbert; I am not at all acquainted with them," answered his lordship carelessly. —"But Miss Herbert is a sweet girl, is she not, my Lord?" asked Adriana. "Yes, I think *her* pretty enough," said he— "but the mother! have you not seen her? the sourest looking dowager — so prim,

so precise, and so mighty high in her notions: her motto seems to be—'Touch me not.' And faith, her *crest* is too lofty for any one to venture!"—"Has she any pretensions to this *hauteur?*" asked Lady Maybury—"Oh! yes, the pretensions of *famely* and gude blude; for her ladyship is descended from an ancient Highland laird," imitating the Scotch accent, "and she married the late Sir Charles Herbert, a *mon* of *a*qual pedigree, although English born; and thus, joining two genealogies in one, the *famely* tree, and the pedigree of Sir Charles and Lady Herbert, would *cover* the floor of this ballroom."—Is Sir Lionel tinctured with this *family* failing?" asked Lady Maybury.—"I don't know, I have never heard any thing of him."—Maria Pemberton accepted the arm of Dawson to walk to

the tea-room: Lord Maybury, in equipping him for the ball, had thought it necessary to send for an *opera* hat; but Dawson had heretofore known only *one* way of *wearing* a hat, viz. on the head; and his awkward manner of holding it, and the unlucky knocks which he gave several ladies, evinced, that to *him* it was of no *use* but in the before-mentioned way. Mrs. Hambleton's fly cap was nearly struck out of the perpendicular by it, as she was squeezing from one room to the other; and she protested, that "she had never seen such a waste of *materials* in her life; for that Mr. Dawson's *hat* would make three for any moderate-sized man; and for her part, she saw no good they were of, unless the gentlemen expected a French invasion, and *then* she thought, they might serve to shield their

delicate persons from the attack of the enemy."—"Recollect, Madam, that there are *enemies* even in these rooms," said Lord Maybury, "and that *shields* are here required, where danger lurks in ambush, hid under many a bewitching form!"—He cast his eyes towards Adriana as he said this. Lady Maybury complained that her tea was not sweet enough, and asked him for more sugar. Mrs. Hambleton, who was tea-maker, said "she had already got in *four nobs*."—The Miss Pembertons made room for Dawson between them; Mrs. Pemberton chatted and laughed unceasingly, for she saw a *ci-devant* Irish acquaintance at the next tea-table, who had *given her up*, from scrupulous *fiddle-de-dee* notions of decorum and propriety; and she could now *show* her, that she did not value her notice, for that she was of the

same party with *Lady* Maybury, while Mrs. Carrol had only hum-drum associates.

Adriana did not dance after tea; she was much entertained in observing the company; and, sitting between Lord and Lady Maybury, they were mutually amused.—Mrs. Hambleton declared, that she was heartily tired, and that she thought, she should not be again tempted to come to a Bath ball. Spite of her *politesse*, Mrs. Pemberton could scarcely hear her lamentations with common civility, and was heartily glad when she heard her repeat her resolution of never coming to another. Upon the strength of this declaration, she summoned up resolution to condole with her on the "*compound fracture*" which had been made in the best

muslin apron, trimmed with point, and which Mrs. Hambleton said "she was pretty *sure* had been committed by the corner of Mr. Dawson's *full moon hat!*" "Give a dog a name," said Dawson, who had heard this suspicion breathed in an audible whisper, "because I held it up over the heads of the people, just now going into that there 'tother room, and unluckily caught your *bird's-nest* there, by one of its branches," pointing to her cap, "you now make out, as if my *hat* had done all the mischief to your fine *catgut* apron."—"Catgut, Sir!" said Mrs. Hambleton, rising in a great hurry, "I'll be judged by any one in this company, if this a'nt real *Indee* work'd muslin! No more like the English---or even the Scotch; any body may know the difference. Catgut! indeed?---*I* say catgut!"---"Law,

Mrs. Hambleton, you needn't quarrel because I made a mistake about your *fine fandango*!---How should I know what it is? I have never been a *weaver* of 'em, or else why, may be I might have been wiser!"

This allusion to the business of Mr. Hambleton was not lost on the old lady, who fanning herself with an immense *long fan*, mounted with India paper, bridled, and tossed, and said, "I think Mr. Dawson was right to send you out to learn behaviour, for you are extremely ignorant of it at present."—"What you wince do you?" said Dawson, "if the cap fits you, Mrs. Hambleton, you are welcome to wear it—all's one to me."—"My cap fits better than your *hat*, Sir," retorted the old lady.—"Yes, yes, your

cap was so tightly pinned on to that there pudding stuffed cushion, that it held a good tug just now!" The Miss Pembertons were convulsed with laughter while this dialogue was carried on. At length lady Maybury enquired into the occasion of this *outrageous* mirth; but on perceiving that they were at a loss to explain it, and that her aunt looked woefully out of temper, and knowing that Mrs. Hambleton was sometimes irritated beyond the bounds of common decency, she thought it better to let the matter drop.—"How do you like a Bath ball?" said Lady Maybury to our heroine; "this is a *little* larger to be sure, than mine was at Oakley: but," added she, with a half sigh, "*I did* enjoy that —it was of my own making, and I danced a great deal, did not I, my Lord?"—

"Really, Cecilia, it is absurd to hear you make such a fuss about dancing, as if it was the first pursuit of your life." —"You told me *that* night," said Lady Maybury—she stopped.—"If you are so *madly* set upon dancing," said Lord Maybury, "it is now to late; but the next night, I will speak to the master of the ceremonies on our entrance, and he shall introduce you to a partner."—"I should not like to dance with any *moving machine* of *his* introduction!"—"My dear Cecilia, do you know what you *would* like?" asked Lord Maybury.—"At my first entrance into this room," said Adriana, willing to change the conversation, "I was very much struck with the brilliancy of the scene: the lights—the company—the music—all seemed to start up before me like enchantment."—"And the same

to me," said Dawson; "I tell ye, Miss Hartley, I could compare it to nothing in the world but to Exeter Cathedral, when the *size* sermon is preached—such a sight of people!—how many do you think there are, Miss? not that I would pretend for to count 'em for ever so, for by the time I had done with one corner, 'twou'd get to the other, for they *keep moving*, as the man says in the play."

"There may have been eight hundred persons here to-night," said Lord Maybury, "you will see as many more before the winter is over, Dawson."—"I only wonder *where* they all come from," replied Dawson; "now at Exeter *sizes*, the *old* Squire can tell me the names of most of 'em, but here I'm quite at a loss,

though it seems that some of 'em have found me out too."—"That is *easily* done," said Lord Maybury. "I wish your Lordship would please to tell me how." ("By your aukwardness," muttered Mrs. Hambleton, but luckily Dawson did not hear her.) "O! a *Dawson* fortune is soon pointed out," said Lord Maybury, Dawson clapped his hand on his pocket, gave his whole frame a jirk, and grinning with the greatest self-complacency, said, "That's it, Sir—that's *it*!—what the *old* Squire would be found out too I suppose, if he was to come?"—"O yes, as of the *same family*." Upon hearing this Dawson put his hat under his arm, a hand into each breeches' pocket, and marched most *courageously* about the room alone. Whenever he saw the eye

of enquiry, which was not unfrequent, he turned round on his shoulder to give a nod to his forsaken party, and to shew his lordship that he was really found out.

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Hambleton, "what a bumpkin 'tis! he knows nothing of behaviour, as witness for him my poor dear apron!"---"He is extremely good-humoured," said Maria Pemberton. Her mother jogged her arm, saying, "I don't know much of that."---"He is extremely entertaining," said Lady Maybury, "I shall have no occasion for keeping a monkey while he remains in Bath!"---"Miss Hartley may probably thank you for that speech, Cecilia," said Lord Maybury, looking

with a provoking archness in the face of Adriana.---"As I shall not be much molested by him," replied Adriana, "I do not know how the speech can attach to me;---but I wish your Ladyship all the entertainment you can expect from him!"

"I thought you had given over leading apes, Cecilia?" said Lord Maybury. "No, my Lord---any thing---every thing *pour passer le tems.*"---"But see---the watch is held up---the music ceases---the company disperse---exit Lady Maybury, followed by her train!" Mrs. Hambleton was busily employed holding up her apron.

"In the name of wonder, dear

aunt, don't fancy yourself *at home*, and begin to unrobe already!"---" No, Miss Cissy---no *Lady* Cissy----I don't fancy that, but I fancy I may *prepare* for going home: but don't think I'm going in the carriage----no, there's you, and Miss Maria, and my Lord, can fill the *charret*, and I hate them there sedans, and 'tis a burning shame, 'tis squanderation of money to hire one of 'em such a night as this, when the moon shines as bright as day---I know my way very well---so good night, Miss Hartley, I'll go first."

In vain did Lord and Lady Maybury follow to dissuade her; she declared that she would not have a shilling spent for her upon lazy chairmen, if she could avoid it;

and making her way through the crowd, she bustled off.---Lord Maybury put Adriana into her chair, her servant attended her, and she was not sorry when she reached home, although the evening had been far from disagreeable. Mr. Hartley was not returned, and on hearing this, Adriana immediately sought her pillow.

CHAP. X.

At breakfast the following morning, while pouring out the tea, Adriana answered Mr. Hartley's enquiries, and gave him an account of the ball; she felt her spirits light, and thinking to amuse him, she insensibly strayed into a description of Dawson's appearance and behaviour; and as her portrait was not too faintly coloured, it was impossible not to feel

the ridiculousness of it. Hartley could not help smiling at her humorous detail, but checking himself, he said, "You will soon see him make a different figure, Adriana; he only wants a little polish, and to mix in general society to be a nice young man."—"Is *polish* to supply the place of intellect, Sir?" asked Adriana; "the diamond rough from its native mine is still valuable; but——" "You are branching off again towards the romantic, which I dislike," said Hartley; "common-place reasoning on common subjects, if you please, Miss Hartley."—"The subject is indeed common, Sir."—"Your severity is ill-timed, Adriana, I would have you beware how you breathe these sentiments to any other than me. You may repent having done so, for whatever her *private* opi-

nion may be, a woman, still wishes her husband to appear respectable in the eyes of the world."—"Her husband, Sir! I don't understand you," said Adriana. "Say you *will* not," said Mr. Hartley, "but I can explain myself:—and, in short, I think it very likely, Miss Hartley, that Mr. Dawson may make you an offer of his hand and fortune." "And should he, Sir, (of which at present there is not the least probability) I should not hesitate for a moment, to refuse him!"—"*You* should not hesitate!" repeated Mr. Hartley: "do you recollect the *obedience* which you once spoke of, and as a proof of it, do you rebel in the first instance which is afforded you for showing it?"—"But surely, my dear papa——" "And surely, my dear daughter, I expect to be attended to, and to be

allowed to judge what is for your advantage, better than you possibly can for yourself. As I do not intend to have any altercation or useless argument, Adriana, I will tell you exactly my wishes respecting Dawson, which are, that he may offer himself to you as a husband." Adriana shuddered. "Oh, Sir! forgive me for interrupting you, but is not affection for a husband requisite? and do you think it is possible for me to *love* such a man as Dawson?"—"As to marriages for *love*, as they are termed," said Mr. Hartley, an unusual sternness marking his brow, and with visible agitation depicted on his countenance, "I, Miss Hartley, am here a living, a *damnable* instance," said he, stamping his foot with violence on the ground, "of *their* termination: but no matter; my will

shall be your law: my estate is encumbered, my fortune is ruined; to make *you* independent, to *secure* to you those advantages, and those comforts to which you were born——" "Oh, my father!" cried Adriana," to get my living would be advantageous, would be comfortable, would be *luxury*, in comparison of the splendid misery, which would be my portion with Dawson!"—"Weak girl! I *command* you to hear me! Old Dawson is a man of large fortune, his family is ancient, mine is so likewise; he is pleased with the retired way of life, and the prudence with which you were said to conduct yourself at the manor; but the family estates join—*this* is the great inducement, and as he sounded me respecting my intentions for you, I soon found out his meaning, and postponed my de-

sign of disposing of the manor, till *after* I had disposed of my daughter; meantime I accepted the *loan* of a large sum of money from Dawson, who is not at all aware of my real situation, (for in that case he would not have lent me a farthing); a sort of treaty was made between us for bringing our children together; and should our hopes fail, I have a sum of money to refund which would reduce me to a prison; therefore, if you are *resolved* on the destruction of your father, you know how to accomplish it!"

Adriana could not speak, a cold dew hung on her forehead, she sunk trembling on a chair. Mr. Hartley stopped, he contemplated her emotion for a moment; and apparently with some compassion, he took her hand, saying, "It

is not likely that a *more* advantageous match should offer, one that could tally with our respective wishes on either side; but I have brought you here, and give you every chance. Your person may have great attractions for another, and I am not absolutely engaged to old Dawson; but you labour under great disadvantages with sober people, from the conduct of *her* whom I once called wife. But on marrying you this winter every thing depends, and remember that I *command* you to treat Dawson with the utmost civility!" Saying these words, Mr. Hartley quitted the room, and Adriana was left to herself. She was almost thunderstruck by what had passed. Good heavens! had she then heard aright, and was she to become the wife of Dawson? or be held up to the public

market, and be disposed of to the highest bidder? Her delicate mind recoiled at the idea. "O world, world," cried she, wringing her hands, "such then is the power of thy fatal sophisms, that they sap and undermine all the principles of virtue and religion! And was it for this my father forbade a correspondence with Mrs. Selwyn. Ah! he knew that her principles must ever be at variance with his own; he knew that *she* would never be his advocate for the destruction of my happiness—happiness, alas! happiness fled from me when I left Cumberland: a few transient weeks of quiet succeeded, indeed, at Hartley manor, after I became inured to solitude, and acquainted with my friends, but this was only a presage to the coming storm. Yes! I am embarked upon the stormy sea

of life's tempestuous ocean!—Oh, Father of Mercies, be thou my pilot!"

This devout aspiration was breathed from the inmost recesses of Adriana's heart; she seemed to feel confidence from the application, and she tried to leave her cause in the hands of *Him* who could alone pierce into futurity: but human nature would be heard in the midst of the humblest resignation, and a sigh of regret was turned towards the dear inhabitants of the rectory, while the figure of the benevolent Mr. Falkland, while his compassionating voice returned on her remembrance, and she almost thought that she could be reconciled to any situation if she could have his sympathy and his counsel. But, alas! from these she was debarred, as well as from writing

to the Selwyns, and tears of uncontroulable emotion burst from her eyes at the reflection. Adriana exerted all her resolution to enable her to receive Miss Herbert: that young lady came at too early an hour for a fashionable morning call; and, entering the room with the freedom of an old acquaintance, she took Adriana by the hand, and warmly pressing it, declared she was most happy in this opportunity of renewing their friendship.—"And it will be your fault, Adriana," said she, "if we do not improve it to the utmost. I am quite free at present; for my mother is gone from Bath on business, leaving me with Sir Lionel; my time is, therefore, pretty much at my own disposal, for my brother and I generally go different ways, and amuse ourselves as we like. I can get plenty of

chaperons when I chuse to go into public, and that is frequently; for, though I like the country in the country, yet I like Bath in Bath, and feel very much inclined to do as others do."

Miss Herbert asked no questions relative to Adriana's situation; and, after sitting some time, the two ladies agreed to take a walk together. "We will first go to the pump-room," said Miss Herbert, "and there, perhaps, we may pick up my brother, who may be induced to walk with me, now I have got a companion, though in general he pays me the compliment of saying that he prefers his own meditations.—You never saw him, I believe, Adriana. Ah! he is so altered! he was once (though I say it of my own brother) one of the liveliest and

pleasantest young men in the world; but spirits and health are fled together, and he is now only the shadow of what once was Lionel Herbert."

The ladies now entered the pump-room, where the music had begun, and the company were assembled. Mrs. Hambleton was snugly placed in a corner, holding her handkerchief full of oranges, biscuits, and other articles, which she had been purchasing herself, in order to save Cissy's money; she beckoned to Adriana, and told her what she had been doing. "And so now," said she, "having trotted up and down from the Crescent to the market twice before to-day, I thought I might as well rest myself here, and listen to the music a bit."

Miss Herbert was curious to know who it was that Adriana was talking to, and was much entertained with her account of Lady Maybury's aunt. "How can my lord bear this relationship, and in such a gay place as this?" asked Louisa; "for I believe he has been considered as the very *tippy* of Bath loungers in foregoing seasons."—"O! he carries it off vastly well," said Adriana; "and though Lady Maybury sees the vulgarisms and little peculiarities of her aunt, yet she has none of that vain pride which would make her ashamed of the relative affinity. She laughs at Mrs. Hambleton it is true, and teazes her not a little; but, at the same time, you may perceive affection lurking under her volatile raillery."—"There is something very prepossessing in Lady Maybury's countenance. You

must introduce me, Adriana; I should like to be acquainted with her."—"With all my heart," said our heroine; but feeling a nervous tremor coming over her as she perceived Dawson striding towards them in a perpendicular manner, each long arm hanging close at his side like a new recruit drilling under a sergeant, Adriana tried to laugh off her embarrassing feelings, as turning to Louisa, she said, "You will think I have a fine set of acquaintance;—but here comes another."—"Oh! Mr. Dawson, of Dawson Hall, Devonshire," said Louisa!—"What! you know him, then?"—"His address only, my dear; for in my way to you this morning, I walked into a shop where this redoubtable hero entered also. It was a milliner's shop; the beau wanted watch-ribands, and, having picked out

one of every colour in the rainbow, he ordered them to be sent home. 'Where is that, Sir?' asked a simpering girl from behind the counter. 'Yes, yes; true, very true; where's home?—just put down Richard Dawson, junior, esquire, number five, South Parade, *that's* my home for the present; but Squire Dawson, of Dawson Hall, Devonshire, is as well known in the country as——('*Dawson's lozenges* in Bath,' whispered the tittering girl)——as *this* face upon a guinea: here, give me change, and see there are no *Birminghams.*'"—"You have seen him to the life," said Adriana, as Dawson approached her with "How d'ye do? how d'ye do?"—"Miss Herbert, Mr. Dawson."—"Oh! how do *you* do, Miss? how do *you* do? I think I have seen you some place before, but for the life of me can-

not tell where.—So, Miss Hartley, what, you got home safe again from the ball last night; 'twas a pleasant ball, wasn't it? I was just coming to call on you if I hadn't seen you; for I met Mr. Hartley, and he told me you would be happy in the pleasure of my company."—"A literal repetition, I'll answer for it," whispered Louisa. The crimson mounted to the cheeks of Adriana. The master of the ceremonies walked up the room; Dawson stretched out his arm to him, and shook his hand with great vehemence, declaring he was extremely sorry that he did not come up stairs when he called on him that morning, and that he considered his calling so early a particular compliment. The gentleman seemed to be at a loss to answer; but having released himself from the iron pressure of

Dawson, he bowed and smiled to the ladies, and walked off. "Look there, Miss Hartley; if there isn't a man that looks for all the world like the ghost of Hamlet in Macbeth. 'Angels and ministers of *Greece* defend us!' as some of 'em say to the old Grecian in the play. What is it? Why, he looks for all the world like a *natomy* of a skeleton in Exeter hospital!"—"That gentleman, Sir, is my brother, Sir Lionel Herbert," said Louisa, very coolly. "*Sir* Lionel! *Sir* Lionel!" repeated Dawson, starting back and pushing the n ses of two old ladies against each other, who were in close confabulation—"I beg pardon, indeed, Miss; but I did'nt know him."

Louisa had too much good sense and good nature to resent it, and she intro-

duced her brother to her friend and to Dawson. "Here you are again, Louisa, walking up and down, pacing the same floor, meeting the same people, hearing the same voices which you have heard any time for this month."—"*You* may have been so employed, Sir Lionel; but for myself, *I* have been leaning upon that arm, walking with that person, and listening to that voice, from which I have been more than twelve months separated. You have frequently heard me speak of Adriana Hartley, my favourite school companion?"—"I have," said Sir Lionel, "and sincerely congratulate you on meeting her again.—The pleasure of meeting repays us for the pain of separation," said he, heaving a deep sigh; "but where——" He started, and said, "the pump-room is lively this morn-

ing," turning to Adriana. "It appears so to me, Sir," replied Adriana, "who have never been in it before; but I confess the buzz of mingling voices rather confuses me——" "And sends your head a *wool-gathering*, doesn't, Miss Hartley?" asked Dawson; "but I'll send somebody else an *orange-gathering*, mark me if I don't.—Look at the old, lady how she's bundling up her *traffic!*" pointing to Mrs. Hambleton, who was just walking away. "I have'nt forgiven her for her last night's ill temper.—How d'ye do, Mrs. Hambleton? how d'ye do?" said he, shaking her hand, and contriving to loosen the knot which confined apples, oranges, biscuits, walnuts, and all the articles which she had fixed on for the day's dessert, and which now were roll-

ing promiscuously on the floor together.

"Look! look, Sir! always in mischief! You are like a monkey, Sir! You are as rude as any bear, and ought not to stir without a keeper!"—"Beg pardon, Mrs. Hambleton! beg pardon."—"Pardon, Sir! whose to pay for it all? for I shall never catch half of 'em: and who'll eat 'em, d'ye think, after they've been rolling about on the dirty floor? This comes of sending fools out into the world!"—"Very well, old *sackback*, very well; go on; go on, I say; pick on, I tell ye. Good luck to you in *finding*, good stomach to you in *eating!*"

The rage of Mrs. Hambleton was now exceeding all bounds; a crowd was

gathering around; her Adriana's confusion was apparent; Sir Lionel very good-naturedly assisted Mrs. Hambleton in replacing her collection, regardless of the sneers and mockery of the beaux around him; while Miss Herbert drew Adriana to another part of the room, where Dawson followed them convulsed with laughter at the success of his joke.

"Indeed, Mr. Dawson," said Adriana, "your behaviour is extremely improper. Lady Maybury will not think herself much obliged to you, for contriving to make her aunt an object of public ridicule."—"Law, Miss Hartley, you do make such a serious matter of a little bit of fun; one would think, to see you, that I had been guilty of manslaughter at least. Lady Marybury will never

know nothing about it, if you don't tell her; for old *Sackback* will say, 'Don't let *Cissy* know, that I brought all of it home in my red pocket-kandkerchief?"

Lady Maybury, Mrs. and the Miss Pembertons now walked in, and joined Adriana, who introduced them to Sir Lionel and Miss Herbert.—"Has my aunt been of your party, Miss Hartley?" asked her ladyship; "I saw her on the step of the door as I came in, she brushed by me, wrapping her cloak about her, and seemed in a violent hurry!"—"Oh she put a *cloak* upon it, did she?" said Dawson, breaking out into a horse laugh, and pulling Maria Pemberton on one side to make her acquainted with the cause of his mirth,

who listened to his narration, declaring she should have enjoyed the joke amazingly.—"That gentlemen does not appear to regard the feelings of others," said Sir Lionel to Adriana. "He is regardless of every thing but his own amusement," said she; "and I fear will never conform to the rules of good-breeding."

Sir Lionel then talked of Bath, and gave his opinions on various subjects, and with much good sense and discrimination, though there was a dejection in his manner, and a weakness in his voice which, notwithstanding a transient ray of animation, proclaimed that he was a sufferer from some powerful malady.—Adriana looked at him with pity; insensibly her manner caught the tone of her thoughts, and she spoke to

him in soothing accents, and attended to him with the most compassionate interest.—Lady Maybury talked of the theatre as the scene for that evening's amusement, and Sir Lionel and Miss Herbert, with Adriana, agreed to be of her party. Adriana declined dining either with her ladyship or Miss Herbert, though pressed to do so on either side; but she wished to meet her father at dinner, as he had quitted her apparently in anger in the morning: however, on her return home, she was told that he dined out; and while dressing for the play, her thoughts flew back to Hartley manor, and to the rectory, and to the much more profitable and pleasant manner in which she had there passed her time: she thought of the little Palmers, whom it had been her delight to nurse and

to instruct; *there* if her time had passed, as *she hoped*, not uselessly away, *here* she could not flatter herself that one moment of it had been *profitably* spent; and how contradictory, how worse than foolish did it appear to run every night to a fresh scene of dissipation, while her father talked of beggary and ruin!

CHAP. XII.

THE THEATRE.

The Herberts were in the lobby before Adriana, and she was talking to Sir Lionel, when Lord and Lady Maybury, the Pembertons, Mrs. Hambleton, and Dawson entered; it seemed as if the two last-mentioned persons, though sworn enemies, were always doomed to come together. Mrs. Hambleton had walked

to the theatre, and being over-taken by Dawson, who clapping her on the head, and shaking out some powder by the violence of the concussion, pulled her arm within his own, and saying, "They must make friends," led her into a gutter before they reached the play-house door. Not being certain whether this was the effect of chance or design, Mrs. Hambleton only muttered to herself, recollecting that she was wholly in his power, and that she had therefore better be silent. Lord Maybury's countenance changed, as he marked the pleased attention with which it was evident Sir Lionel Herbert was listening to Adriana, but too much a man of the world to betray his secret sensations, he paid his compliments both to Miss Herbert and

her brother, with the utmost politeness. Lord Maybury's designs were deep, and as they are not very apparent, we think it best, for the information of our readers, to develope them in this place—from the first hour of his seeing Adriana, he had been much interested by the beauty of her person and the naivette of her manner, even while at Miss Oakley's ball, even while breathing vows of love and constancy into the ear of the all-confiding and fondly-believing heiress. Lord Maybury had taken no small pains to discover the residence of the lovely Miss Adriana, and he knew who she was, and where she lived, when chance befriended him beyond his hopes, and gave him an accidental meeting with her.

Mr. Hartley was safe in France, a prisoner in a foreign country! he was the *friend* of Lord Maybury; but the act of seducing his daughter was by no means incompatible with his lordship's notions of friendship—he was going to marry a woman for the sake of her fortune, for whom he felt no aversion indeed, and as little preference; surely then he had all the right in the world to console himself for this sacrifice, with the society of one for whom he had a tendre; for it never occurred to this sapient lord to doubt the power of his attractions over the heart or the principles of a young girl, secluded as was Adriana—the manner in which she had repelled his advances, the steadiness and dignity with which she had treated him,

both at their first and second interview, surprised, but did not intimidate him; for the difficulty attending such a pursuit, was a fresh incitement to the prosecution of it; meanwhile Mr. Hartley returned; another mode of behaviour must now be adopted, and a change of plans; Hartley seemed to fall into the wishes of Lord Maybury, who, by making a confident of him in the first place, had set him an example for reciprocal communication. Mr. Hartley said enough to make Lord Maybury understand that an union between his daughter and Dawson would meet his wishes; to have Miss Hartley, the wife of Dawson, would facilitate rather than retard the views of his lordship: for here he made the just conclusion, that a woman who would

unite herself for life to a man whom she *could* not love, (and Dawson was a very unlikely object to inspire la belle passion in a heart like Miss Hartley's) *merely* because he possessed a large fortune, was as likely to make an *illegal* as a *legal* prostitution of her person; but notwithstanding that his wishes pointed that way, Lord Maybury could not but confess that the chances were greatly against Adriana's accepting the husband of her father's election; yet the appearance of Dawson at Bath would give credibility to the report, which he should take care to circulate, of Miss Hartley's being engaged to him, and might keep off other admirers, which the beauty of Adriana's person, and the countless charms of her conversation, might other-

wise attract—it was for this purpose that Lord Maybury suffered, nay, invited Dawson to be of their party whenever they went out; for Lady Maybury had been eagerly caught at as a *chaperon* for his daughter by Hartley, who knew few females with whom he had sufficient interest to ask them to take the trouble of introducing her into the world, and those with whom his intimacy might sanction such a request, were not *exactly* the sort of persons to whom he would have intrusted Adriana! for however depraved may be the conduct of the *Libertine Father*, however unwearied he may be in corrupting the minds and the principles of those women with whom he associates, yet is he ever vigilantly cautious with regard to the conduct of his own daughter;

the most rigid moralist cannot be more fastidiously severe; and while his own practice is an example of *all* that is wrong, he watchfully marks *that* of his *child*, and expects *her's* to be the undeviating line of *all* that is right. We believe this remark will generally hold good, however inconsistent and unreasonable it may appear, but it expresses, at one view, the beauty of virtue and the *deformity* of vice; the voluptuary and intemperate cannot bear to behold his own likeness, held up as in a mirror before him; though he practises *vice*, yet he has not courage to look at it!

Lord Maybury seeing Sir Lionel get next Adriana, rather officiously (as our heroine thought) desired Lady Maybury

to let Mr. Dawson get between her and Miss Hartley on the other side: Sir Lionel looked round, and seemed not a little surprised when he perceived the person for whom this interest had been making. Lord Maybury sat at the side of Miss Herbert, and immediately behind Adriana; the Pembertons and Mrs. Hambleton were together; the old lady declared "she was heartily glad that the rude *tomboy* was gone to a distance from her."

Maria Pemberton, to whom this speech was addressed, said, "She was glad she found herself comfortable;" but it seemed as if Miss Pemberton could herself have been *more* comfortably situated.—The curtain drew up, and Adriana, to whom

a play was an entertaining spectacle, was greatly interested; she attended not to the criticisms on the performers which assailed her ears from behind, but was devoted to the progress of the piece—The comedy performing was, 'The Belles Stratagem," from the elegant pen of Mrs. Cowley.

Adriana was in imagination feeling all the mortification of Letitia Hardy, when she perceived herself an object of indifference to that blooming boy, who had left his image on her young heart.

The method she had adopted to win the heart of the travelled man, was truly romantic, and calculated entirely for stage effect, yet it had the power of in-

teresting during the representation; and in the character of Dorricourt, under the importation of French foppery, and volatility, there was so much amiability, that she could not help admiring even while she *laughed* at him.

"This lady knew her sex," said Sir Lionel Herbert; "Dorricourt, if in existence, would be equally irresistible, as on the stage to Miss Hardy; he is just the man to please the ladies!"

"*On the stage,* I grant you," said Adriana, "but something more steady."

"Oh! don't talk of a *steady* man," said Lady Maybury, from behind; "it is enough to give one the vapours—you admire Sir George Touchwood, no doubt, Miss Hartley.".

"His fondness for Lady Touchwood I greatly admire," said Adriana; "and while I pity his weakness, I respect its origin."

"Charming, charming!" said Lord Maybury; "shall I become a Touchwood, Cecilia?"

"It is a character which is not easily assumed, I believe," said Adriana.

"What simplicity, what ingenuousness in Lady Frances Touchwood!" said Sir Lionel; "what disinterested love in Saville, what depravity in Courtall!"

"Courtall's is a ridiculous character altogether," said Lord Maybury; "it is not supported with the same force as the rest in the piece; Lady Frances could have no merit in resisting the attacks of such a man as that, he ought to have

been drawn with the wit and spirit of Dorricourt; he should have been represented in a more attractive light; and if he had, this simple rustic, Lady Frances, might have had some merit."

"I must dissent from your lordship here," said Sir Lionel, "for I think this has been the very point at which our dramatists have erred; vice has been represented under too alluring a form; it seduces by its pleasing exterior, and the air of wit and vivacity which it assumes; a Ranger, a Sir Harry Wildair, and a Charles Surface, are applauded and imitated, and have done more harm to the cause of virtue than their authors could have expected, merely because their manners and address were made brilliantly degague and agreeable. Our

authoress to night seems to have been aware of this, and to have given all the advantage to Saville over the licentious Courtall."

"But this is not human nature," said Miss Herbert; "the worst people are very often the most agreeable in their manners—the best, the most forbidding."

"That is true, Louisa," answered her brother; "and if an *exact* representation of things as they are were pursued, no comedy would go down; but if morality be a leading object, I think vice should be drawn as vice—virtue as virtue."

"I doat on the masquerade," cried Lady Maybury, "and I *must* give one of my own before I leave Bath. Shall I not, my lord?"

"O, certainly, if your ladyship likes it."

"Like it! O, I shall expire with rapture at the very idea."

"Take care that you do not admit a Courtall," said Sir Lionel, laughing.

"Oh, I believe we must not make exceptions," said Lady Maybury.

"At least you will have room for a Saville," said Adriana, half glancing towards Sir Lionel.

In the character of Saville Adriana was figuring all that was amiable; she had *looked* at Sir Lionel Herbert, but she had *thought* of Mr. Falkland; of Falkland, the disinterested and passionate lover of her mother, who would thus have snatched her from danger and destruction.

Lord Maybury, observing her look,

said, " Dawson, you have been mute during this edifying critique. Tell Miss Hartley what character you will have her personate at Lady Maybury's masquerade."

" *There* now your lordship puzzles me—*there* I am puzzled; for 'tis what I don't at all understood: but Miss Hartley will be able to choose a garment, I dare say, and look as well as if she wore a *yellow damask*;" and saying this, he peeped over his left shoulder at Mrs. Hambleton, jogging Adriana by the arm. Sir Lionel Herbert seemed to wonder at his familiarity with Adriana; but the curtain again drawing up, his attention was called towards the stage, as was also that of our heroine.

In Lady Frances Touchwood Adriana

fancied she saw many traits of Lady Maybury;—both young, both attractive, both amiable in the simplicity of their characters, both fond of their husbands, and both fearing to avow that fondness, lest they should encounter the raillery of the world. The Lady Frances of the drama escaped all the temptations and snares to which she was exposed, and enjoyed complete happiness—but *she* was idolized by her husband.

Adriana dared not pursue the comparison further; for though Lord Maybury's conduct and manner was now strictly proper with regard to herself, yet she saw with sorrow that he evinced for Lady Maybury none of those speaking marks of affection which were so evident

on Cecilia's side, although she fain would have concealed them. In the plenitude of riches, in the full possession of rank, title, and splendour, just united to the husband of her choice, Adriana still looked on Cecilia as an object of pity—and as the reflection crossed her mind, a sigh escaped her bosom.

"So serious, Miss Hartley, just as the hero and heroine are made sublimely happy, and have bowed and curtesied to the slowly-dropping curtain in full stage effect?" asked Lord Maybury. "Mr. Dawson, must I refer to *you* for the meaning of that sigh?"

"Me, Sir!—me;—how can I tell? You know, Sir, the old verse has it, as I have been told,

" Women sigh—
" They know not why."

" A very excellent couplet," said Lady Maybury; " I will thank you to give me a copy, Mr. Dawson."

" O, certainly, ma'am—O, certainly, my lady: but will to-morrow do for your ladyship? for you know I shall be *latish* home to-night."

" No hurry, no hurry in the world," said Lady Maybury; " but we all know that *your's* is the ' pen of a ready writer.' "

" Why no, my lady—why no—not *much* of that, but father says 'tis proper to quote poetry and wise sayings now and then, that 'ant one's own; so he makes me write 'em all down together in a book, to keep in my pocket; but the old

'squire somehow repeats 'em all over so often himself, that I can now say most of 'em off hand."

"What a memory!" said Lady Maybury.

On retiring from the theatre, Adriana was much mortified at the behaviour of Lord Maybury, who, before the afterpiece was concluded, addressing Dawson, desired him to be the escort of Miss Hartley to her chair. Adriana felt hurt; it seemed as if his lordship was made a party in the matrimonial scheme of her father, and was resolved to become his aider and abettor. She turned quickly round; her eyes met those of Sir Lionel Herbert, which were fixed on her with earnest scrutiny. The crimson

rose to the cheeks of Adriana, and she suffered herself to be pulled through the crowd by the awkward Dawson, who ran her against every chairman and chair-*pole* he met with, till he had consigned her to a chair. Lord Maybury escorted Miss Herbert, and pointing to Dawson and Adriana, who were going through the lobby, he said, "You see the influence of *money*."

"What does your lordship mean?" asked Louisa, with great quickness.

"O, a very short time will shew you my meaning," was his answer; and, without telling her so in direct words, Louisa Herbert understood what his lordship meant she should.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONCERT.

RESTLESS and uncomfortable, Adriana returned home. She went into the parlour, where sandwiches were laid, and heard, on enquiry, that Mr. Hartley was not come in: she sat down, and, lost in rumination, was unmindful of the time, till hearing the watchman announce the first hour of morning, she started up, and

enquired when her father was expected. The servant replied that it was quite uncertain; his master had not returned till four the preceding morning. Adriana shuddered as she took her night-candle: Those midnight orgies of her father, what did they proclaim?—he frequented none of the places of public resort;—where, then, was the scene of his nightly revels?—she feared to guess:—that they were not reputable, that they were derogatory to his character, both as a man and as a father, was certain, as he retired to them from the eye of public curiosity, as he hid them in the veil of darkness. "Oh Sylvan scenes, Oh pastoral shades of Hartley," whispered our romantic heroine, as the tears coursed each other down her cheeks, "why were not your

charms attractive to my father?—why did not he behold them with his daughter's eye? Ah, how differently does Mr. Falkland pass his hours; his days are engaged in active benevolence, in useful and elegant pursuits; his enquiries, his researches, have always an ultimate aim to which they refer, and are made to conduce to some point of duty, of usefulness, or of necessary information; his nights are not broken in upon, he rises with the lark, he hails the morning star; for, after enjoying the blessing of sweet repose, it is to him the signal for beginning another day, which may evince his gratitude and adoration of the Divine Creator of the world. The children of luxury and intemperance seek their downy couches with harrassed spirits and

minds yet ruffled by passion; their dreams are distorted visions, their sleep is broken and unrefreshing, and they rise with fevered frames, with a sickly and jaundiced fancy, to pursue afresh that ignus-fatuus called pleasure, which still eludes their grasp."

So soliloquised Adriana, while yet in ignorance that a gambling association was the cause which lured her father from home, which deprived him of nightly rest, of every comfort!—we say Adriana was at present wholly ignorant of her father's fatal infatuation to play.

Adriana waited breakfast a long time ere Mr. Hartley made his appearance. She was struck with the haggard and

care-worn look of his features, unaided by dress; for his hair was in a disordered state, his clothes seemed to hang loosely about him, and a dressing-gown supplied the place of his coat; he threw himself on a sopha as soon as he came into the room, and, after the morning salutation, he fell into a fit of listless musing, from which he did not seem to wish to be roused. Adriana poured out his tea in silence, and by cheerful looks, and every office of attentive civility which can accompany the performance of the breakfast honours, she tried to steal into her father's good graces. A note was brought her by a servant, which having perused, she offered to her father, saying, "As you please, Sir; but if *you* dine at home,

I confess I should prefer doing so likewise, and to spend a quiet evening."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Mr. Hartley; "write an answer to Lady Maybury, and say you will accept her invitation, and attend her to the concert according to her plan. I declare this Lady Maybury is a charming acquaintance, Adriana; she considers you in all her parties, and anticipates my wishes."

Adriana rose to obey her father; and while writing the note, he said, rather hastily, "Who sat by you at the theatre last night?"

"Sir Lionel Herbert on one side, sir."

"And on the other?"

"Mr. Dawson, sir.

"Bravo! you are a good girl, I see Adriana. Pray what sort of a man is Sir Lionel Herbert?"

"He seems very sensible, though not very lively; but, poor man, he looks a great invalid."

"*Not* a poor man, Adriana, he is very rich, a very good and unincumbered estate, and is sprung from a very good family. I would go with you to day myself, but Maybury will be one at the concert no doubt; and the horrid bore of being at that place for so many hours would be more than I could bear; besides I have promised to meet some friends, so have a prior engagement, with which you will acquaint his lordship."

The usual party of the Pembertons

and Dawson were assembled at Lord Maybury's when Adriana entered the the room. Lady Maybury received her with good-humoured sprightliness, Lord Maybury with the most cordial politeness.

Mrs. Hambleton and Dawson sparred as usual; Maria Pemberton sided with Dawson by a sly wink, or an encouraging nod, while *apparently* she would have been an uninterested spectator; but Dawson was placed next our heroine at table; and, as his tongue ran unceasingly, it was sufficiently obvious to Adriana that she was an object of envy; while, by constantly starting a fresh subject for conversation, by rattling, and laughing, Mrs. Pemberton tried to hide

her daughter from general observation; but under the mask of the greatest gaiety, Adriana thought that Lady Maybury felt not that unalloyed happiness which her sanguine wishes, and her warm imagination had led her to depict as the sure concomitant of her present situation; her eye often wandered towards her lord, with a glance of earnest attention, as momentary as it was striking—for she would follow it with one of her happiest sallies of gaiety, and a sigh would steal from her bosom, and be as quickly suppressed by the tone of raillery with which she turned herself on Dawson. The manners and deportment of Lord Maybury were perfectly polite and well-bred towards his wife, but *he* yawned while others were laughing at her

pointed ridicule or witty equivoque, and while she was addressing one of her happiest speeches to him, he looked at her indeed, but in that half-engaged manner which plainly evinced that he was not interested in the subject. Adriana recurred to the former situation of Miss Oakley—courted, caressed, admired, almost adored! her feelings were quick and impetuous; she had bestowed her heart on Lord Maybury:—alas! Adriana feared that he had not yielded his in return. What would be Cecilia's situation when her eyes were opened to this truth?—that she already half suspected it, without daring to acknowledge her suspicions even to herself, seemed apparent to our quick-sighted heroine, who, from the foregoing scenes at Oakley and

its environs, added to her own natural share of discernment, was better qualified to judge of the feelings of each party, than persons who were more intimate with them. Although Lady Maybury and her party went to the concert room as early as they could adjourn from a five o'clock dinner, yet they found the lobby crowded, and all the forms near the orchestra entirely filled. They were consequently obliged to place themselves where they could get seats; there were some vacant on one of the side benches near the door, and, by squeezing and intreating, some of the ladies were placed on the ends of the seats which were opposite; the gentlemen lounged in the row, according to custom. Miss Herbert had joined the party in the lobby, and maugre

the looks of Lord Maybury, and the awkward, *bolt-upright* attitude of Dawson. Sir Lionel Herbert stood centinel at the end of Adriana's seat, and seemed pre-determined to keep off all intruders for the evening: his knowledge of Bath rendered him a very pleasant neighbour, and their situation so near the entrance of the room enabled him to give a little history of every prominent character, as the person to whom it attached made his or her appearance. A lady of elegantly graceful form and decided majesty of deportment passed through the throng at the door, who made way for her, as if she had commanded it; the men all bowed, and smiled, as she walked up the middle of the room; when arriving close to the orchestra, she walked to and fro

for some time, looking with a piercing air of enquiry at two ladies who occupied chairs in the very front of the room. The looks of this heroine *could not* be misconstrued; novices in the world, unacquainted with fashionable manners, and *strangers* in Bath, yet these ladies could not mistake the meaning of the starer; they had unconsciously usurped the seats which belonged to herself and her companion; they knew not the *laws* of the place—they had imagined that they might have sat where they pleased, and having come early, they had naturally chosen the front row; but now retiring, overwhelmed with confusion at their mistake, they pushed back to the last seat in the room, while the undaunted mistress of the field, pointing to her

female ally to be seated, took possession of the other vacant chair with the utmost sang froid.

"' Excellent generalship!—Did you see that complete manœuvre, Miss Hartley?" asked Sir Lionel.

"' I saw those ladies retire; they were wrong, I suppose, in taking those chairs. But who is the lady to whom they yielded them? 'She is a very fine woman."

"' She is cold as an icicle, chaste as Diana, whose crescent she wears on her ivory brow! What age do you think her?"

"' About thirty," answered Adriana.

" Oh that she could but hear you; she has not had such a compliment paid her, I was *going* to say, for *thirty years*."

"You are severe," said Adriana; "she has a fine bloom on her cheek, and that is a mark of youth."

"The bloom is the best Parisian," said Sir Lionel, coolly, "and therefore can be the mark of either youth or age; and by the help of cosmetics, of pearl powder, of ivory teeth, of flaxen wigs, of bared elbows, and patched and whitened shoulder-blades, all these distinctions are blending so fast together, that there will soon be nothing to be seen in the whole female world, but youth, eternal youth, and an ever-blooming spring; so that we shall realize Mahomet's Paradise on earth, and become zealous Mussulmen. The convulsions of nature attended the birth of the lady who is the subject of our present conversation; and while a neigh-

bouring country was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, this female came into a world, where at eighteen she started a beauty at this place, and where she has maintained that character for thirty years—we will not say *undisputed* or *unenvied.*"

"That would indeed be saying too much," said Adriana.

"The form and the person of Miss ——— were faultless when she was first seen," continued Sir Lionel; "numbers of sighing swains yielded to the power of her charms, *crowds* gathered round to see her dance the graceful minuet—for 'she looked an empress, and she moved a queen.' Majestic graces and dignity of manner seemed to be inherent both to her character and constitution: none of

the witching attractions of feminine softness stole over her features, no quick changes of countenance proclaimed her a woman of susceptibility; eager for conquest, and ambitious in her views, she thought the whole world her slaves, and born to yield to her command; and while she saw commoners, knights, barons, viscounts, and earls in her train of adorers, she still retained a heart of *marble*, and secretly resolved to reserve her lovely hand for a duke. Alas! no duke appeared; and year after year Miss ——— moved in the same circle, trod the same boards to the same meandering minuet, and to the same *enchanting* effect; but in vain was her person moulded by the hand of the graces, vain was the exhibition of that shape, fine by

degrees, and beautifully less, which had been encircled by the 'hoop's enchanting round,' which had been thinned and thickened, had been shortened and lengthened, had been dilated and compressed, had been covered and revealed, to suit the ever-varying caprice of fashion. *His grace* still kept aloof; and though Time laid his hand very gently on that symmetry of proportion, which seemed as calculated to defy his power as the far-famed statue of the Venus de Medicis; and though the list of lovers was somewhat lessened, yet flatterers and sycophants applauded the minuet which they had seen for the twentieth year. While, accustomed to take the lead, and to give the tone to the popular opinion at this place, Miss ——— has gently glided

from the queen of beauty, into the sole arbitress of taste, into the patroness of performers and performances, and of benefit subscriptions; and though she can no longer retain hearts, yet she contrives even now to retain followers, by that commanding air which imperiously calls for their homage. The rank which she once coveted, you would almost suspect that she had attained, when you see her, as now, take the front seat at every concert during the season; but there is no appealing against custom—in this case it has long established itself against right, and there exists in this city no one who will resist it—and if *seniority* is to constitute *priority*, no Bath beauty, I am sure, would take precedence of Miss ———. Men who are no longer capti-

vated by the beauty of Miss ——— are still subject to her commanding power; and at some of her entertainments she has been known to secure a good benefit to a favourite performer, by forcing her guests to take a *golden* ticket from her lovely hand. Polished and accomplished in her manners, she graces every party in which she appears; her fondness and taste for music is undoubted—and this is a musical age, and Bath the very focus of its power. In her retired hours, and at her country seat, in the summer, the vacant hours of Miss ——— are filled up by lavishing her fondness on lap-dogs, parrots, and other outlandish and nondescript pets; it seems as if all the tenderness of her nature was poured out on

these creatures, while her heart remained callous to the whole world besides."

"Your descriptions are very amusing, though I suspect they are caricatures," said Adriana, laughing, "as I have more than once observed the sarcastic bent of your conversation."

"If by caricaturing you mean exaggerating," said Sir Lionel, "be assured that nothing can *exceed* the idea I have formed of the amiability and goodnesss of that man whom you now see standing in the door-way."

"That venerable-looking man do you speak of?" asked Adriana.

"Yes, that man bent down with years is Dr.———his is the very soul of harmony—Harmony of sentiment, of life, of conversation!—He is descended from

a very ancient and well-known family; his ancestors have been renowned in our British Annals, and their unsullied fame descended to this gentleman with little else, except "wisdom and worth;" he studied medicine, and has practised as a physician with ability and success, during a long course of years in this city. Few people have such a versatile genius, and *very* few live so long with their faculties still acute, and their mental powers lively and vigorous; his taste in music has been happily evinced by his numerous compositions, which speak to the heart by that melting pathos of expression, which proves him to be master both of the power and secret springs of harmony—his poetical efforts exhibit a point and happy turn of thought which

cannot fail to please; his conversation is particularly amusing and instructive; he has studied the minds as well as the bodies of men, and his long intercourse with the world (and his personal knowledge of many eminent characters in it) enables him to enliven his discourse with various little anecdotes, which fail not to exemplify the point he is discussing; and last, (though not *least* in *your* estimation, if I know you right, Miss Hartley,) *true humility* is apparent in all he says or does, a humility which is founded on the firmest basis, for he is a true disciple of his meek master! Hence no self-consequence, or vaunting superiority of talent is displayed by him; he listens with patience to the dullest and most tedious harangue; and though a master of sci-

erce himself, he hears the superficial smatterer with indulgence : he has been severely tried in the school of misfortune, but he might say—

> " Brighter scenes I seek above
> " In the realms of peace and love."

" And fixing his hopes there, he suffers not the sorrows which he has known here, to tinge his sentiments or opinions with gloom. When I see an infidel or a misanthrope, the one laughing at the *credulity* of the world, the other talking of the wretched state of society, I would lead them to Dr. ——— to show a *living* instance of the firm faith and patient endurance of a christian !"

" Ah, why do not you always paint

with the colours which you have just used ?" said Adriana.

" Because I should no longer be painting likenesses but fancy pieces, fair Lady—would you have me tell you that that woman who, with such undaunted effrontery, has placed herself in the orchestra, is the criterion of female modesty or female propriety? No! you would laugh at the idea—but she cares not; for with the true dexterity and assurance of the land from which she came, she has long ago *defied* public opinion; and *hence*, as it should seem has *received* public attention and countenance.—She has at last succeeded in establishing one daughter to the utmost extent of her wishes; the consummation of another's happiness seems to depend entirely on

the speedy demise of a lady, for whose husband she has long been waiting."

"Mrs.——rules at the board of green cloth, and can play her cards well, take what game she will in hand; she *crams* her rooms almost to suffocation when she gives a rout, and is known and caressed by all the fashionables who frequent this place."

Lord Maybury having lounged round the room, now stood at the side of Sir Lionel, and occasionally joined in the conversation during the long concerto, and other uninteresting pieces of music in the first act. He could not but perceive the difference which was demonstrable in the manner of Adriana towards himself and Sir Lionel, and in consequence he did not look on that gentleman

with the most benignant eye. When the company began to move to go to the tea room between the acts, he very adroitly managed to put Dawson next to Adriana, and in a way calculated to show Sir Lionel, that he stood in his *proper* place.—Sir Lionel offered his services to escort Lady Maybury, Mrs. Hambleton chose to remain in the room; Mrs. Pemberton took charge of her youngest daughter, his Lordship of Miss Herbert and Miss Pemberton; and our vexed and mortified heroine had no resource but in accepting the offered arm of Dawson; unused to a crowd, he knew not how to make his *own* way, much less to facilitate the progress of his companion, and one minute he had nearly pushed her into the fire, from which the corner of her robe was luckily extricated by a gentleman who stood near it; sometimes

he pulled her arm till she expected the total dismemberment of the limb, and pushed those before him till he stood a chance of being involved in a serious quarrel; and at last he jammed her in the door-way amongst fifty persons, without having the power of receding or advancing. Disgusted with his rough vulgarity, frightened at her situation, and almost fainting with the heat, the resolution of Adriana had now almost forsaken her; she stood for more than a minute incapable of exertion, and almost unconscious, till a violent hysteric sob was followed by a flood of tears, while Dawson bawled out in no very harmonious key—"Good God, Miss Hartley, do, I beg of ye, keep moving a little; why, you are as mute as a stock-fish, and neither go nor stir;" and making a vio-

lent exertion, he sent several ladies fainting and screaming into the lobby; while more dead than alive, he pulled Adriana through the crowd. At the entrance of the tea room, they met Lord Maybury coming in search of them; he perceived the marks of agitation and affright on Adriana's countenance; and taking her arm and drawing it gently through his own, he said 'Dawson, you must not have such a treasure as this in your keeping till you know how to provide for its safety."

"If you mean my arm," said Adriana, (who felt her security as soon as she saw him approach towards her, and who wished to understand his speech literally) "I must say the same, my lord, for indeed I expected to have it pulled off more than ten times; I believe

I must not venture to another place like this—I am not fitted for a fine lady, the crowd which causes such pleasure to a modern belle, frights me out of my senses; I have considered myself in the utmost bodily peril for the last quarter of an hour."

"And burn me then if I ever offer to help another lady out to tea while I stay in Bath," said Dawson.

"Oh! fie, fie," said Lord Maybury, "don't be so ungallant, Dawson; I'm sure you cannot feel a higher pleasure than when engaged in the service of the ladies."

"I know 'tis a toil of a pleasure," said Dawson, wiping his face with his handkerchief as they approached the table, where the rest of their party were at tea.

Lady Maybury congratulated Adriana on her safety, having heard Dawson's account of their "*squeeze*," and Miss Hartley's "*flustration.*"

Lord Maybury conducted Adriana and Miss Herbert to their seats, after they had taken their tea—Sir Lionel attended Lady Maybury as before, and Dawson had only himself to take care of, and seemed infinitely pleased at the facility with which he made his *progress* at his return to the room. Lord Maybury took his stand where Sir Lionel had been the preceding part of the evening; and though Adriana would rather have had her former companion, yet there was nothing objectionable in the conversation of his lordship, who entertained her with lively sallies and remarks, which proved what Adriana had always thought, that his defects were not of the *head.*

END OF VOL. II.

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